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MAU MAU!

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How many times have you longed for those days when you could climb a flight of stairs without panting? How many times have you wondered why you get those nasty headaches when you light a cigarette . . . or get heartburn so often . . . and morning sickness . . . and shortness of breath? How many times a week do you suffer from body racking, ugly rasping coughs and sore, aching throat. What wouldn't you give to end those frightening heart flutters and sudden chest pains? Don't you wish you could taste the subtle flavors of food again, smell fragrances once more — play ball without gasping for breath? How many nights do you toss and turn and wish you could sleep soundly again? And what about those alarming lung cancer reports you've been reading about and talking about— wouldn't you like to end THAT nicotine fear? Yes, if you smoke more than half a pack of cigarettes a day, we'll bet you suffer from many of these tobacco caused problems. And it's no wonder, for with every drag you take on a cigarette . . .

YOUR BODY ABSORBS TARS, NICOTINE, CARBON-MONOXIDE & 25 OTHER DEADLY POISONS!

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A resolution was recently passed by the N. Y. State Medical Society that said: "the preponderance of the evidence indicates that cigarette smoking is implicated in the genesis of *lung cancer and other diseases notably cardiovascular (heart) and is detrimental to health in other fields*". Is the little bit of pleasure you think you can't do without, worth this risk? *We'll prove you can do without it!*

NO DRUGS...NO PILLS...NO HERCULEAN WILL-POWER! Simple, Pleasant Method!

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TRY IT— THEN DECIDE IF YOU WANT TO KEEP IT!

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Adventure

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

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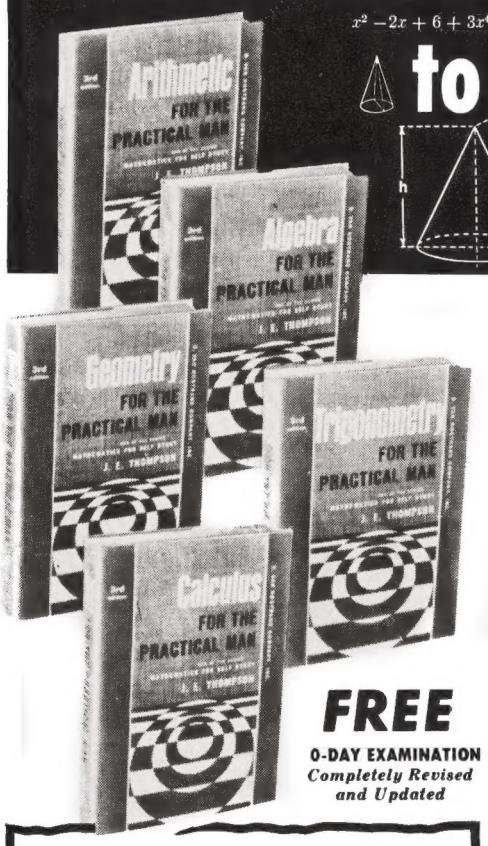
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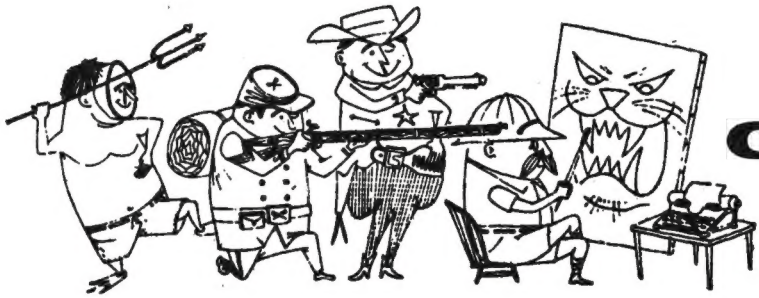


CAMPFIRE

Draw up closer to the fire, men, and meet our new comrade, John Foster whose rollicking adventures of General Lee Christmas, "Gringo Generalissimo" *romp through these pages at a fast clip.*

• • •

John Foster was born in Oak Park, Illinois, on July 19, 1925 and graduated from high school just about the time all hell broke loose in a Second World War.

He went into the service as a hospital corpsman with the Second Marine Division, participating in the campaigns of Saipan and Okinawa, and finally the occupation of Japan.

After leaving the armed forces he matriculated at the University of Wisconsin, then went South to complete his education, graduating from Florida Southern College with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

His great interest all through college was journalism, and his first job was with a newspaper in North Carolina. For the past eight years he has lived in New Orleans, where he works as a staff writer on *Dixie Roto* the Sunday magazine of the *Times Picayune*. He is married and has three children.

The name John Foster is well known in the men's magazine field. He also has a book to his credit, "Dark Heritage," which was published in the States and in Great Britain.

• • •

We're sure that those of you who enjoyed H. N. Mazer's story, "Boatload of Brides," *in the August issue, will be interested in reading excerpts from an interesting letter received from Boyd V. Osborne of Casper, Wyoming, which we received the other day:*

"H. N. Mazer's article related to a story about a man by the name of Asa Mercer who moved a shipload of women from the East Coast of the United States down around the southern tip of South America and back up the West Coast to Seattle. Practically all of these women found husbands in that area and started families, many of which are in existence today.

"The closing paragraphs of Mazer's article indicated that Asa Mercer married and eventually went to Texas. He may have gone to Texas, but he came to Wyoming, probably some time during the 1890s.

"I went to Wyoming in the fall of 1916 as part owner and editor of the *Basin Republican,* a weekly newspaper. One of the first persons I met out there was a man by the name of Asa S. Mercer, Jr., who owned and lived on a large cattle ranch at Hyattville, and eventually I met his father, who is the man referred to in your article.

John Foster of *Times Picayune*.

"During my lifetime I have heard many versions of the Mercer girls' story, and thought you might like to know that there is an organization in the vicinity of Seattle called "The Mercer Girls," which is made up of the descendants of the original group. These women are highly regarded and have a standing equal to that of other pioneer organizations. There is also a Mercer Island, not far from Seattle, which was named for the original Asa S. Mercer.

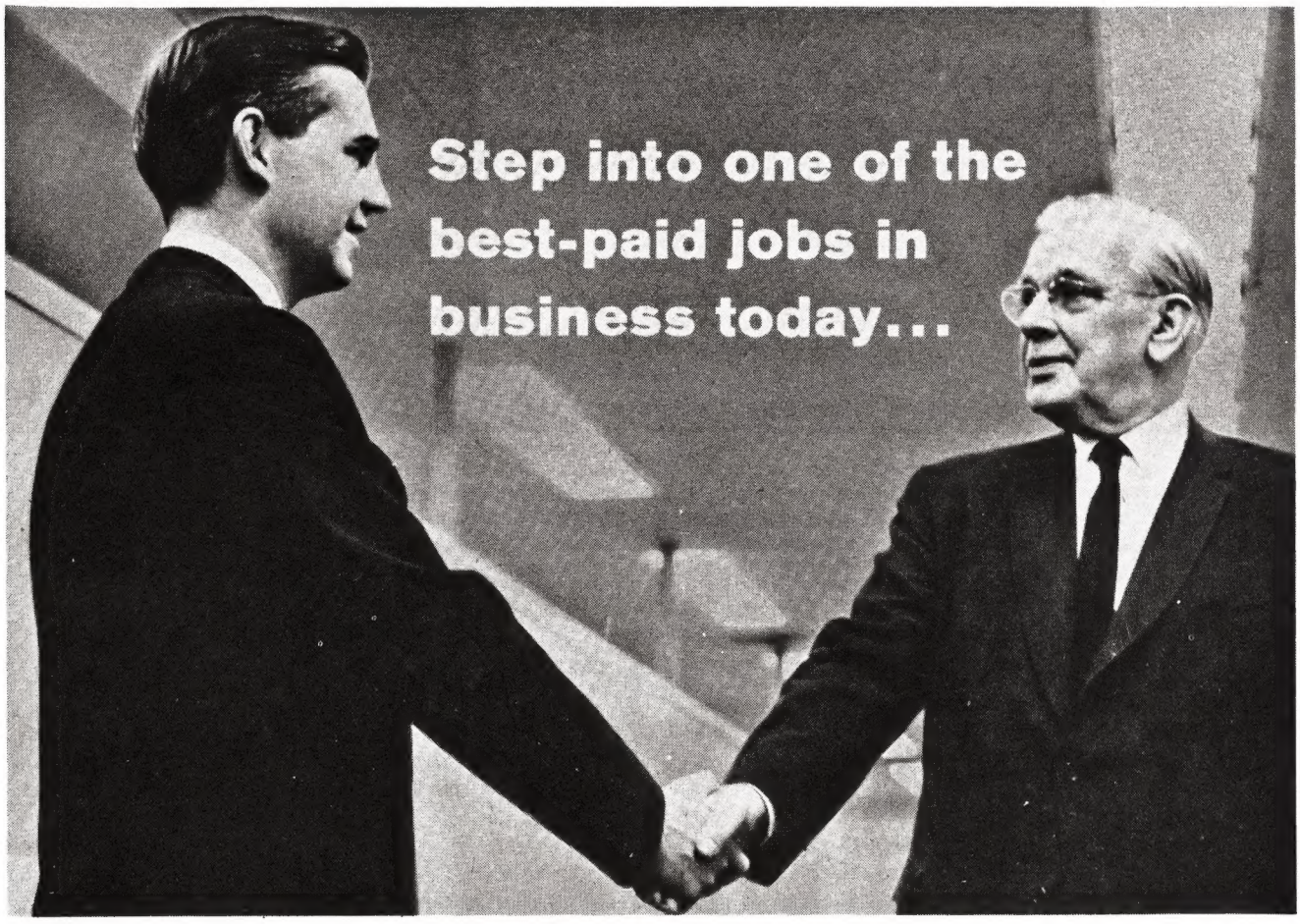
"I noticed in a recent issue of the *Basin Republican* that Ralph Mercer, a son younger than Asa Jr., recently died. I do not know any other members of the Mercer family for I have been away from that part of Wyoming for more than forty years.

"However, if Mr. Mazer is interested in following up this lead, I know he can obtain more information regarding the real story of the girls, as well as other anecdotes of the early West. Asa Mercer was a very colorful man, and I am sure that the postmistress at Hyattville would be glad to put the author in touch with the Mercer descendents. They are fine people."

• • •

Well, this about does it for now, friends. Meanwhile, help us keep the fire bright. Letters such as the one from Boyd Osborne are always a pleasure to read. And so we say again, if any of you have new thoughts or ideas, let's have them. There's always time to put one more log on and let the night stretch out a bit. We'll be watching for you when next the Campfire lights.

A. H. NORTON



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101

ILLUSTRATED BY VIC PREZSIO

TRAPPED IN A RATTLESNAKE DEN

■ MY partner and I catch and sell rattlesnakes for a living. One afternoon, while working up in the foothills, we were standing on a granite ledge hauling them out of a narrow trough at least fifteen feet below. Griff had just spotted an oldtimer that must have weighed twenty-five pounds. He defiantly poked his head out of a crevice in the side wall and seemed to be leering at us.

With a fifteen-foot, half-inch pipe with a wire loop running through it, I crept, as quietly as I could in my thick boots, to the ledge and lowered the pipe. The crevice was further over than I had estimated. In order to reach it with the pipe I had to stretch far out over the edge.

A second later, the snake's head popped out and I jerked the loop shut. But the oldtimer drew in so suddenly that he took the pipe with him and pulled me off balance. I spun in the air, my hands digging at the sides of the wall as I fell. But there was nothing to grasp and I landed hard on my face in the gravel pit below.

The shock of the fall numbed me momentarily. When my head cleared, the sound in the pit seemed like a hundred skeletons running over a tin rain-barrel. The rattlers were wiggling in and out of the creviced side wall like fleas in a horse's mane.

Jumping to my feet, I picked up the pipe and held it up to Griff on the ledge. If only he could use it to pull me out of the snake-infested pit! He caught it and strained with all his might. But my weight was too much for him and after repeated tries, he had to let go.

"I'll get the rope," he yelled. We had left most of our equipment back at the camp. Casting a worried look at me, Griff raced off.

Crouching against the granite wall, I quickly sized up my surroundings. The pit was just barely wide enough for me to turn around in. Three of the walls were smooth, the other one was a maze of weathered holes and cracks in which the snakes were nested.

The looped pipe was much too cumbersome in such close quarters to be used for a club. I threw it down and picked up two large chunks of slide rock.

Almost before I had time to brace myself, a hissing rattler slid out on a small ledge not two feet from my head. Very slowly it drew back to strike. I cocked my arm and threw the rock, hitting him just below the head and knocking him off balance. With the second rock, I mashed his head.

Several other species of snakes came at me in rapid succession. I hurled a volley of rocks as fast I could pick them up. Then three or four more rattlers descended from the crevice to the gravel. As they reached me they started striking at my boots. I suddenly realized that I was holding my last rock.

I gripped it tightly and waited.

Unexpectedly a small stone rattled off a ledge about foot to the left of my shoulder. A broad, flat head inched its way out and poked its smiling face at me.

It was the oldtimer. There was icy confidence in those eyes as he came slowly, painstakingly toward me. It seemed my number was up!

Then there was a voice over the pit and I could feel a heavy rope tugging ferociously against my neck.

I stood perfectly still as the oldtimer drew himself up to strike. I cocked my arm and threw the heavy rock at him. But he pulled in slightly and the rock went whizzing over his head. His mouth was drawn up in a hideous grimace.

Instantly, I grabbed for the rope and kicked my body away from the wall. Just then the huge snake struck, his yellow-white fangs catching the loose part of my shirt and ripping the bottom half from my back. He fell with a squirming crunch into the gravel pit below. His fangs had missed my flesh by a fraction of an inch.

My hands froze to the rope, as the rattler took one last lunge at my boots —but Griff was pulling me up to the ledge, out of his reach.

Since that day, I have passed the pit many times. I often see the oldtimer sunning himself on a slab of rock. But we have an understanding now, a mutual respect you might call it, and I lower my pipe into other domains.

by CLEM ELWELL

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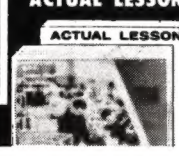

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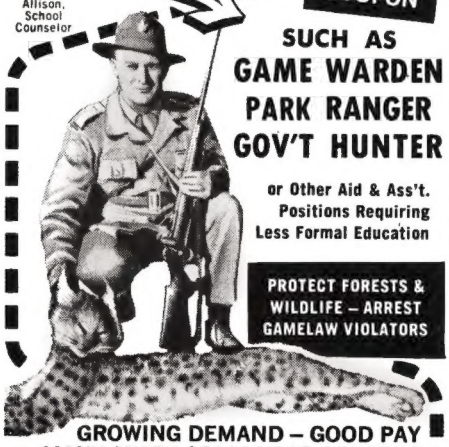

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THE LOCKER ROOM

Did you ever make up a locker room joke? If so, send it to The Editor of ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. If used, you will receive a free subscription for one year. We cannot return unused material.

Driving through the Maine countryside, a friend of ours accidentally ran over a rooster. The farmer came charging up with a loaded shotgun, shouting, "That was my prize rooster you just killed!"

"Well, I'll be glad to replace him," our buddy said.

"Yeah?" asked the farmer. "I don't know how the hens would like that!"

Max: "What is green and yellow and hangs upside down in the forest covered with cookie crumbs?"
Jax: "I'm stumped. What?"
Max: "A dead Girl Scout!"

The Romeo had been demonstrating his prowess when the young lady heard a noise at the door. "That must be my husband!" she cried. "Quick, you'd better jump out of the window! He's terribly jealous and be might kill you!"

"B . . . b . . but," protested the lover, "we're on the thirteenth floor!"

"Really," the lady snapped, "this is no time to be superstitious!"

"Mommy," said the baby cannibal, "is an airplane good to eat?"

"It's like a lobster, honey," she answered. "You leave the shell and eat what's inside!"

A man and a chimpanzee walked into a theatrical agent's office. "We've got the best act you ever saw," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" asked the agent. "What's so great about it?"

"You see this here monkey? He can talk, write, sing, dance and play five instruments!"

"If he's so smart," asked the agent, "why is he on a leash?"

"Because," said the man, "he owes me fifty bucks!"

Two business acquaintances were talking over lunch. "How did that sign saying 'Do It Now' work out in your office?" asked one.

"Terrible," growled the other. "The day after I put it up, my cashier ran off with a hundred thousand dollars, my secretary eloped with my assistant, and ten clerks asked for raises!"

"I want to send a wire—collect."

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

If you honestly want to get ahead . . .

Let Me Help You Master Good English

Give me 15 minutes a day, and I will help you learn to speak and write like a college graduate

You have intelligence. You have ability. You have ambition. But are you getting ahead as fast as you think you should?

Let's be frank, and maybe I can save you from years of disappointment. You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go. Each of us has something special to offer, but nobody will ever know it if we cannot express ourselves fully and easily.

Think about it. Are there words you avoid using because you're not exactly sure what they mean? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty putting your true thoughts in a letter or report?

The truth is, countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women are being held back in their jobs and social lives—without knowing it—because of their English. If you are honest enough with yourself to admit these difficulties, you have already taken the first big step to success.

The next step is easy. You can *master* good English *without going back to school.* Over the years, I have helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can *do* something about getting ahead.

Don Bolander

Don Bolander
Director, Career Institute

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 4K , 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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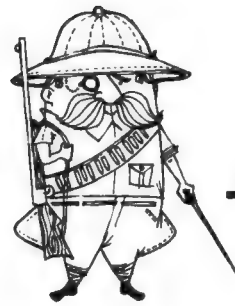
ASK ADVENTURE



DOG ADJUSTMENT

Do you advise bringing up a male and female dog together, or is it better to purchase a mate when the first is fully matured? If you suggest the latter, will the second dog (at one year, or eighteen months old) become easily adjusted?

Mrs. G. L. Knowles

Boston, Mass.

If you want to avoid the troubles of raising a puppy, I'd advise that you get a grown dog. The cost would be higher, of course.

It frequently happens that a dog as old as a year and a half will not adjust to new owners or new surroundings, particularly if there are youngsters to whom he might take a dislike. In the case of a female, she might take a dislike to her mate, and you would have a straying dog.

A factor to keep in mind is not to breed a bitch until she is at least eighteen months old, which also goes for the sire. There is something to the statement that the older the dam and sire, the more intelligent the pups will be at maturity.

WILLIAM P. SCHARMM

SOUTH AMERICAN GAME WARDENS

Are United States game wardens employed in South America by the Foreign Services of the United States Wildlife Department? I plan to seek a career in Wildlife Conservation upon release from the Navy and would appreciate your advice as to how to go about it.

George C. Romero

FPO San Francisco, Calif.

So far as I know there are no United States game wardens employed in South America by the Foreign Services of the United States Wildlife Department.

The only place outside the States where our countrymen are presently functioning as wardens is the Canal Zone, where a few are used to enforce local rules in regard to wildlife. The personnel who hold these positions are employed by the Panama Canal, Washington, D.C. Upon request this department will mail you a pamphlet listing present positions available and salaries. The pay is indeed quite attractive.

In South America the main drawback in regard to wildlife is the utter impossibility to enforce regulations among people who are partially or totally uncivilized. There seems to be no conceivable way to enforce laws to deal with sensible hunting and fishing. When an area is hunted out with bows and arrows, blowguns and poisonous roots, the natives pull up stakes and move on to a new place, where the process is repeated all over again.

EDGAR YOUNG

KARATE

I am so interested in the subject of Karate that I have decided to move to a town where it is taught. Can you suggest an instructor or a school somewhere on the East Coast?

Wayne Jones

Tallahassee, Florida

I can give you the names of two instructors whom I would recommend: Herman Kraus, 530 West 122nd Street, New York 27, and Captain C. L. Salter (U.S. Air Force, retired), who now lives at 717 East Norfolk Street, Tampa, Florida.

I would strongly suggest that you obtain a copy of "Karate," by Brown and Nishiyama, published by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vermont. You might also get a copy of "The Secrets of Judo," a book which I co-authored with Professor Watanabe. This is also published by Tuttle.

LINDY V. AVAKIAN

COCOS ISLAND

I would appreciate whatever information you could give me on Cocos Island. I understand that it is located about 500 miles west of Costa Rica, and is reputed to contain a large amount of buried treasure.

Jeffery Gerberg

Moses Lake, Wash.

Regarding Cocos Island, I am sure most experts would agree with this simple bit of advice: Forget it!

For a full account of the stories connected with Cocos, and three expert opinions on their worth, get a copy of R. I. Nesmith's "Dig For Pirate Treasurer," (chapter 12), Reiseberg's "I Dive For Treasure," (chapter 16), and E. R. Snow's "True Tales of Pirates and Their Gold," (chapter 14.).

These, and many other books and maps, are available through Foul Anchor Archives, Vale Place, Rye, N. Y. Enclose ten cents for their latest catalogue listing books and maps available for purchase. If you don't see it listed, ask for it. If you don't care to purchase, you can at least use the listing as a guide to your local library.

THOMAS SCHULTHEISS

FIFTH R.C.T.

As a former member of the 5th Inf. RCT in Korea, I'd like as much information as you can furnish on my old outfit.

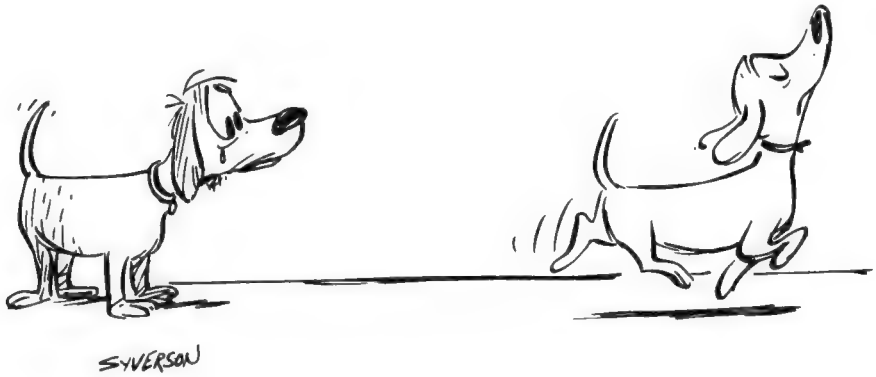
Dave Ortega

Lafayette, Colo.

At the start of the Korean War the 5th Regimental Combat Team was stationed in Hawaii. It was sent to Korea immediately, and arrived there July 31, 1950 under the command of Colonel Godwin C. Ordway.

It was attached to the 24th Infantry Division and participated in the first United Nation counterattack, to the South of the Pusan perimeter.

(*Continued on page* 16)



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped"
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 3411C
20 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find $10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $10 plus postage charges on delivery.

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YES, one dollar is all you pay for two full months of hospital protection for you and your entire family if you use the easy-to-fill-out application below.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

BASIC COVERAGE RATES

EACH PERSON	Monthly	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mos.
Age 18 to 39	$1.50	$ 4.35	$ 8.55	$16.45
40 to 49	2.00	5.80	11.40	21.90
50 to 54	2.50	7.25	14.25	27.40
55 to 59	3.00	8.70	17.10	32.85
60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.35
65 to 69	4.00	11.60	22.80	43.80
70 to 75	7.10	20.60	40.45	77.50
For Each Child Under Age 18	.75	2.20	4.30	8.25

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If you don't agree that this policy is the finest there is, just return it within 10 days and receive your dollar back. What could be fairer . . . more honest? You examine this policy carefully. No salesmen will call. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk.

Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need *just when you need it the most.*

This policy helps you afford the best care . . . the kind that assures a fast return to good health. You may choose your own Doctor of Medicine and enter any hospital equipped for major surgery and providing 24 hour nursing service.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating 30 days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating six months after the policy date.

The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and rest cures.

WHY THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE

Because we employ no salesmen and pay no commissions, we use this means to acquaint you with the tremendous premium savings you get with this policy. It costs a great deal more than $1.00 to issue this SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED POLICY, but we're willing to risk this initial expense to put the policy in your hands so you can see for yourself how good it is and that you will want to keep it in force.

WHY THESE PREMIUMS ARE SO LOW

Because you deal direct with us we eliminate high selling costs. We employ no salesmen and pay no commissions. Costs are reduced to a minimum and savings of 25% to 45% are passed on to you in the form of lower premiums.

WHY CLAIMS ARE PAID FAST

Because you deal direct, your claims are processed fast. There are no adjusters or district offices for claims to pass through, which could result in loss of time . . . *just when you need extra money the most, and fast.* To file a claim, just notify us in writing and claim blanks are sent by return mail, with easy-to-fill instructions. Thus you can get fast action no matter where you live!

SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDED

Your basic policy pays for hospital room, board and general care for covered sickness or accident. At small extra cost, you can add surgical or medical benefits, or maternity benefits to cover pregnancy or its complications, at home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. Loss of Wages Benefits up to $300 per month are also available at low cost. For information on each, check application blank below when sending your $1.00 for our Special Offer.

OVER $18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company. Domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than $18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! *Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!*

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA · Dept. E-321, 1904 Farnam St., Omaha 2, Nebraska

Gentlemen — I am enclosing $1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant _____ Sex ____

Address _____ Date of Birth _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Height _____ Weight _____

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

	FIRST NAME · MIDDLE NAME · LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.							
2.							
3.							
4.							
5.							

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge? _____
2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes _____ No _____ If the answer is yes, please give details

_____

_____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19____

SIGNATURE _____

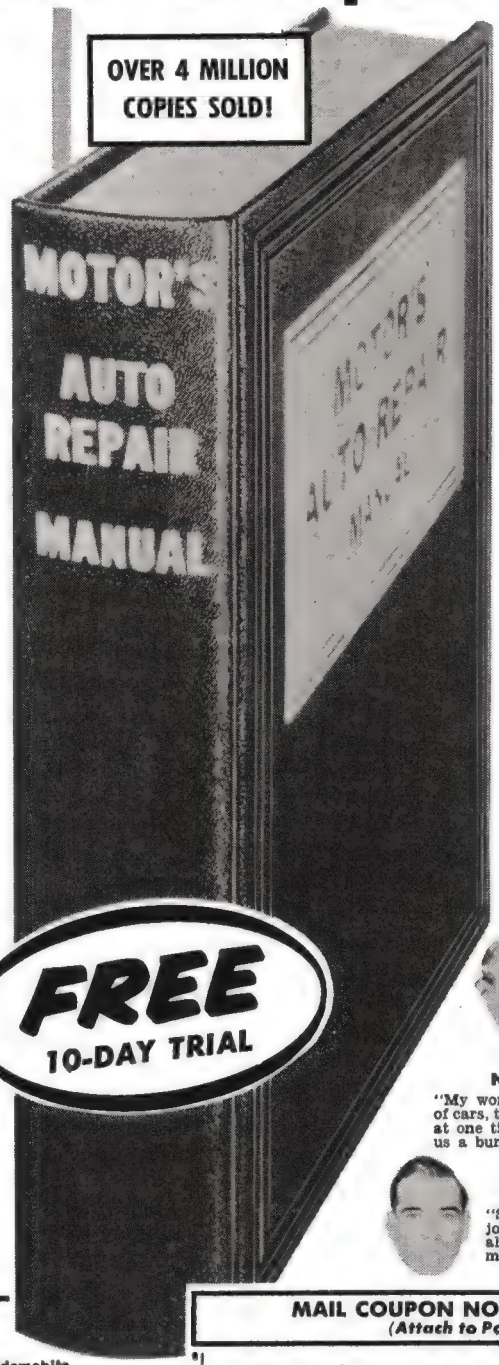
(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign

WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your— Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Maternity Benefit Rider ☐ Loss of Wages Rider ☐

Here's Why More Mechanics Use MOTOR than Any Other Car Repair Manual

3,200 Pictures, Step-by-Step Instructions Show YOU, too, How to Fix 33 Car Makes — 2,519 Car Models Built Since 1955!



WANT TO FIX CARS *FAST*? It's easy! Just do it the way most pros do — with MOTOR's Manual. Yes, more pros use MOTOR's "Auto Repairman's Bible" than any other car repair manual — because MOTOR's Manual shows you *exactly* what to do, *how* to do it. You breeze through tough repair jobs in less time, with less effort. Whether simple adjustment or complete overhaul — just look it up in the index, then follow clear *pictured* step-by-step instructions.

New Edition Bigger Than Ever!

You get the "meat" of 191 Official Factory Manuals — showing you how to fix practically every part on 2,519 models built between 1955 and 1963! Over 1,300 double-size pages — 3,200 pictures — over 30,000 repair specs — 285 "Quick-Check" charts — over 225,000 service and repair facts. EVERYTHING you need to fix cars *fast, easy, right* the first time you try.

Giant TROUBLE-SHOOTER section spots 2,300 car troubles right away; tells you where to look in Manual pages to fix them. So clear and complete you CAN'T go wrong, even if you're a beginner. And top-notch mechanics will find new short-cuts that will save time, money, wear and tear. No wonder MOTOR's Manual is used in so many schools, by the Armed Forces, and by hundreds of thousands of mechanics. No wonder over FOUR MILLION COPIES have been sold!

SEND NO MONEY

Use Manual FREE for 10 Days

We're so convinced MOTOR's Manual must save you time, energy, and money that we'll send you the 1963 edition to use FREE for 10 days. If it doesn't pay for itself on the very first job, return it and you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Rush coupon *today* to MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 39X, 250 West 55th St., New York, N. Y. 10019 *(Schools, Bookstores: Write for Discounts.)*

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—Joe Disabato, Altoona, Pa.

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"Been using MOTOR Book since before World War II. It's most prized 'tool' in entire shop. Have used other manuals but none so complete and easy to understand as MOTOR's. The finest source of auto info."
—Wm. C. Hale, Dallas, Texas

MORE WORK, MORE MONEY

"Manual has helped me. Speeded up jobs and put extra dollars in my pocket more often. The book is worth the price."
—Eddie Sinabria, Bronx, N.Y.

BEST WHEN IN DOUBT

"Find my Manual more and more useful with each problem. Book is best when you are in doubt about any job concerning automobiles."
—John W. Baker, Earle, Arkansas

SAVES TIME, SAVES MONEY

"Manuals have saved a lot of time, considerable amount of money. They are an ever-present help — equipment I can't do without."
—H. D. Hartman, Baltimore, Md.

NOW HAS OWN SHOP

"After I received MOTOR Manual my work improved. Now I have a shop of my own, and repair cars very quickly."
—S. Scott, Valdosta, Ga.

CAN OVERHAUL ANY CAR

"Since using MOTOR I can overhaul any car. Before I got MOTOR I didn't know anything. Now I know a lot about every car. Can't be without it."
—W. Harold, Julesburg, Colo.

NEVER A "BUM STEER"

"My work covers all makes and models of cars, trucks. All of us here use MOTOR at one time or another. It's never given us a bum steer."
—Guss Evans, Warren Ariz.

THE MECHANIC'S RIGHT HAND

"Since using MOTOR have yet to find a job I can't handle. Helped me do tough jobs, also cut my time on other jobs. Truly the mechanic's right hand."
—V. Mulligan, Nuttings Lake, Mass.

FIX ALL THESE CARS

American	Corvair	Imperial	Oldsmobile
Buick	Corvette	Jeep	Olds F-85
Buick Special	Dart	Lancer	Plymouth
Cadillac	De Soto	Lark	Polara
Chevrolet	Dodge	Lincoln	Pontiac
Chevy II	Edsel	Mercury	Rambler
Chrysler	Fairlane	Mercury Meteor	Studebaker
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Continental	Ford	Nash	Thunderbird
	Galaxie		Valiant

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City.....ZIP CODE ZONE NO.

State.....

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Finish High School at Home

FOR A BETTER JOB, HIGHER PAY, REAL SECURITY

Without a high school diploma, it's getting harder and harder to land a good job, or to bring home a decent pay check. If you're interested in making more money—take a look at the facts:

- Government surveys show that high school graduates average nearly $30 a week more than non-graduates.
- Most companies today require a high school education for their better jobs. High school graduates win better raises, faster promotions.
- The only real security is your own ability. Because of automation, the need for educated people is increasing, but opportunities for the untrained are vanishing.

Now, the famous Wayne School offers you an opportunity to earn a high school diploma quickly—without losing a day from your present job. You study at home, in your spare time, just as thousands have done.

Is it hard? No. Skilled instructors help you every step of the way with individual, personalized attention. And simplified teaching methods make your lessons crystal clear.

The cost is surprisingly low—and you pay as you learn, on convenient monthly terms. All textbooks are included. You get full credit for any subjects you've already completed. And graduates also receive use of Wayne's Free Placement Service.

Take the first step now to a better job, a bigger income, and real security—with a Wayne High School diploma. If you are 17 or over, and not in school, send for our Free Book, "Graduate to Success." No cost or obligation. Act today—nobody's holding you back but yourself.

WAYNE SCHOOL
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 23-504
Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send Free Book, "Graduate to Success," plus information on high school training at home. No obligation.

Name_____ Age_____
Address_____
City & Zone_____
County_____ State_____
Accredited Member—National Home Study Council

ASK ADVENTURE—*CONTINUED*

The outfit was involved in many battles and spent much time in combat.

For the complete story, fitted in with the whole operation of the U. S. Army in Korea, you should read "South to the Naktonga, North to the Yalu," by Roy E. Appleman.

MILTON F. PERRY

SIDEARM PITCHING

I am fourteen years old and hope to be a professional baseball pitcher some day. Perhaps you can answer a few questions which might improve my game.

(1) Does Don Drysdale throw full sidearm? (2) Do you believe sidearm is okay, or would you advise me to change to some other style? (3) Is it possible to throw a slider sidearm? (4) Is a screwball natural for a sidearm pitcher? (5) Please give me the names of a few major league pitchers who threw sidearm.

Larry Pemberton
Brownwood, Texas

(1) Don Drysdale pitches what is generally called a three-quarters sidearm. (2) Sidearm is perfectly okay if you feel most comfortable pitching that way. You get as good breaking stuff pitching sidearm as overarm. (3) Yes, you can throw a slider sidearm. (4) I feel that a screwball does not necessarily go with a sidearm pitch. Perhaps the greatest screwball pitcher was Carl Hubbell, lefthander of the old New York Giants, who pitched mostly overhand. (5) There have been some fine sidearm pitchers, particularly the great Grover Cleveland Alexander, also a pair of fine lefthanders named Smith, as well as Sherry of Brooklyn and Cleveland, and Edgar of the old Philadelphia Athletics and the White Sox. Carl Mays, the best of the underhand (submarine) pitchers also pitched sidearm.

So, I would say, if sidearm comes most naturally to you, there is no reason why you should not develop yourself as a pitcher with that type of delivery.

Best of luck in your baseball career.

FREDERICK LIEB

MUSIAL OR COBB?

My father and I have a little difference of opinion as to who holds the most records in baseball—Ty Cobb or Stan Musial. Can you set us straight?

Frank Gulleon, Jr.
Toledo, Ohio

Cobb still leads both leagues in games played—3,033, times at bat—11,429, hits—4,191, runs—2,244 stolen bases—892, life-time batting average—.367.

While Musial has been knocking records out of the book each year, and has eclipsed most of the Hans Wagner and Mel Ott National League records in recent years, most of the major league top records still belong to American Leaguers, those by Cobb, as well as homers, RBIs and Bases on Balls by Babe Ruth, Doubles by Tris Speaker and Triples by Sam Crawford.

This year Musial will tie Cap Anson of the old Chicago Nationals as most years with one club (twenty-two), and by the time this letter is published he should have passed Babe Ruth's record for most extra base hits. Ruth had 1,356. Stan now has 1,353.

I surely hope this will settle the family feud.

FREDERICK LIER

SPITZ CLASSIFICATION

Is it true that the American Kennel Club does not recognize the Spitz breed of dog?

Charles Newsom
Crescent, Iowa

There are a number of breeds which come under the Spitz classification that the AKC not only recognizes but accepts registration. There is the American Eskimo Spitz, to name only one breed.

Which type of Spitz did you have in mind?

WM. P. SCHRAMM

HATCHET AND HUNTING KNIFE COMBO

I would like to purchase a combination hatchet and hunting knife with an interchangable handle. Could you send me the name and address of a dealer who might carry it?

E. J. Hunter
Fort Smith, Ark.

I suggest that you contact Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York City. I recall that this store listed the item in last year's catalogue.

PAUL M. FINK

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES

A number of one-man mail order enterprises are paying their owner an income of $40,000 to $50,000.

Mail order is big business. Annual catalog sales volume of Sears, Roebuck and Co. is over 700 million dollars.

HOW TO START

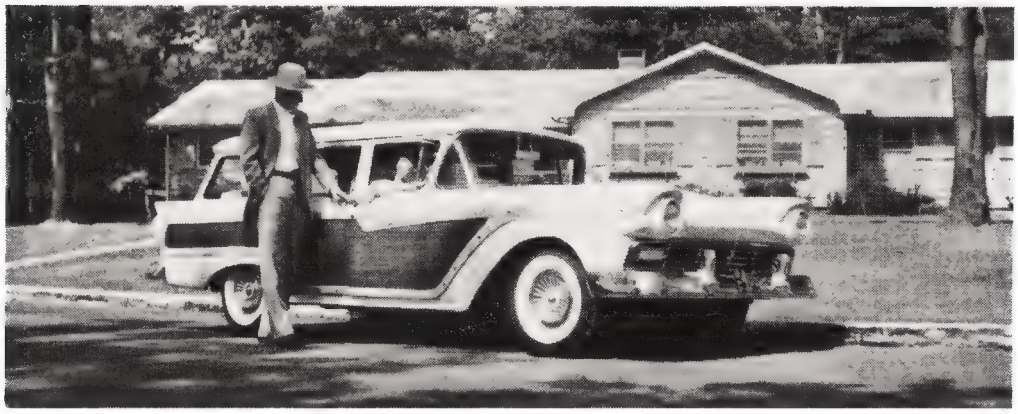
Your Own Mail Order Business

By Robert Stevenson

You can make a fortune by mail. New firms will set you up in a fabulous mail order business of your own! They'll make up your catalogs, prepare your advertising, supply mailing lists and even ship your products for you!

When Anthony Sambati injured his back and was laid off from work he never dreamed it would be a blessing in disguise. Bedridden for weeks, he decided to start a small mail order business. This was something he could run right from his own home and required very little capital to begin. In fact, Sambati started with less than $85.00.

He figured that a small mail order business might



After a short time in mail order, Sambati soon had a beautiful home with all the luxuries of a successful businessman.

provide a temporary income to support his family until he got back on his feet. His first step was to obtain a franchise from a large wholesale mail order firm which supplied him with all the necessary catalogs and mailing literature. It wasn't long until his spare-time venture blossomed into a booming enterprise. Drawing a small salary and pouring the rest of the profits back into the business, he soon had others working for him! Today he owns a large retail store, his own warehouse and a beautiful home with all the luxuries of a successful businessman.

Sambati's story is typical of a number of men and women who began a small mail order business with absolutely no previous experience, and made a huge success of it. These 'little' people are quietly pocketing big profits every day—many content to keep the business small . . . spending an hour or two each day in the privacy of their own home. No bosses, time clocks or small pay envelopes. No door to door selling, in fact, you never even meet your customers face to face.

Yes, a small one-man mail order business is ideal for anyone wanting a chance to gain financial security and independence. Yet thousands try mail order each year and fail, simply because they don't learn the few simple secrets of success early in the game.

Take the case of Bud Sheer who had been working for a theatre in a small New Jersey town. With only a few hours spare-time to spend each morning, he tried mail order to supplement his regular income. Like many beginners in this field, Sheer was faced with the problem of finding good mail order items which would have a high mark-up and repeat sales potential. But the biggest obstacle was the expense of printing a catalog.

Then he heard about the A. J. Statile Co. of Montvale, New Jersey—an organization set up to aid the small mail order beginner.

He wrote to A. J. Statile Co. for full information, sent in his application for a franchise and within a short time the cash began rolling in. Today Bud Sheer *owns* the theatre he once worked for. Sheer attributes his success in mail order to the A. J. Statile Co. Actually, the theatre he owns has become a side investment. He still uses the beautiful 300 page mail order catalogs supplied by A. J. Statile Co.

How does the Statile Co. help the beginner get a sound start in mail order? Very simply. Just as Henry Ford made automobiles within the reach of the general public—by mass production and large volume.

Let's take a few specific examples:

(1) All franchised dealers of A. J. Statile are offered ready to mail catalogs and sales literature. Each mailing piece has the dealer's name and address printed right on it. By printing millions of catalogs, Statile is able to offer these at a fraction of their regular cost. The artwork and layout costs for these catalogs would run into thousands of dollars for the beginner if he were starting from 'scratch'.

(2) Since all mailing material and catalogs contain your name and address, all orders come directly to you. Yet you don't have to invest one penny in inventory. All merchandise is stocked for you. In fact Statile has over $3 million dollars worth of mail order merchandise at your disposal.

(3) All packaging and shipping is done for you. You simply send a shipping label to Statile together with the wholesale cost of the items, and the merchandise is shipped directly to your customers under your own shipping label.

(4) A consultation service is provided to answer any questions you may have. You receive a secret list of over 100 national magazines which run free ads. You'll be shown how to obtain free publicity on your own mail order items. In addition, you obtain trade names and addresses of over 150 other mail order wholesalers who drop-ship top mail order items for you. You'll also be given all the government laws and regulations pertaining to a home operated mail order business. These laws are a 'must' for all beginners.

All this valuable information is covered in the Statile Mail Order Survey which every new franchised dealer receives from Statile before they begin. Formerly sold for $25.00, this survey has become the 'bible' of the trade. Mr. J. M. of Baltimore, Md., writes, "To tell the truth, all the information in regard to obtaining free ads is alone worth the $25.00 I paid you . . ." J. D. of Kalamazoo, Mich., states, "Just a personal note to say I am most satisfied with my $25.00 investment. Your sales plan is simple and well organized . . ." These are only a few of the many testimonials received praising the Statile Mail Order Survey.

(5) The catalogs and mailing literature offered by Statile Co. cover every conceivable mail order item. You select the field you are interested in . . . BABY ITEMS, TOYS, APPLIANCES, VITAMINS, BOOKLETS AND MAIL ORDER COURSES, you name it,

The thrill of receiving money in your morning mail is one you'll never tire of.

Statile has the catalog or mailing piece. Select your market, order your mailing literature and you're in business.

(6) You'll be told how to compile your own mailing lists—and this is the most important part of your business. Many a beginner has fallen by the wayside simply because he mails his catalogs to a poor list of names. Suppose, for example you offered a beautiful scale model of a 40′ Chris-Craft cabin cruiser by mail. You would probably make your mailings to boating enthusiasts and the chances are that nine times out of ten your mailings would show a loss instead of a profit. How would Statile help you solve this particular mailing list problem? He would show you where to get the names and addresses of *actual owners* of 40 foot Chris-Craft cabin cruisers! Surely every owner would like to have a scale model of his own boat. Strange as it may seem, such a mailing list is available to anyone. The secret is where to find it. This is just one example of how an experienced mail order expert giving you personal advice, may mean the difference between success and failure!

This same method of obtaining selective specialized mailing lists may be applied to practically any market . . . selling baby items to new mothers, selling toys to young children, etc., etc.

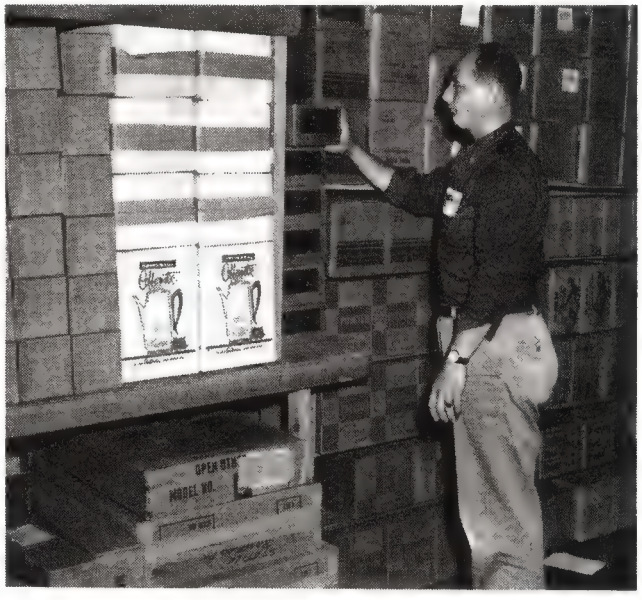
So much for starting your own mail order business. Now, a word of caution. OBTAIN YOUR MAIL ORDER FRANCHISE FROM A REPUTABLE MAIL ORDER FIRM. Unfortunately, during the past few years a number of ads have appeared in newspapers and magazines offering to start people in mail order. The ads are grossly misleading. Many imply that you can become a millionaire over night if you use their catalogs. Beware! Particularly if they operate their own mail order business direct to the consumer. These firms compete with their own franchised dealers! They could just as well mail all the catalogs themselves. They don't need you.

Other shady firms fail to drop-ship your orders promptly, thereby losing customers for you. In mail order, prompt shipment is an absolute requirement for a successful operation.

Deal only with firms whose business is preparing catalogs and shipping merchandise. They operate on a strict wholesale basis for franchised dealers exclusively. Such a firm is the A. J. Statile Co. Letters from successful franchised mail order dealers speak for themselves. A woman from Milwaukee writes, "It has been better than my expectations." A gentleman from California states "we are quite pleased with the response we are receiving". Another man from Wisconsin writes, "To say the least, I am more than satisfied."

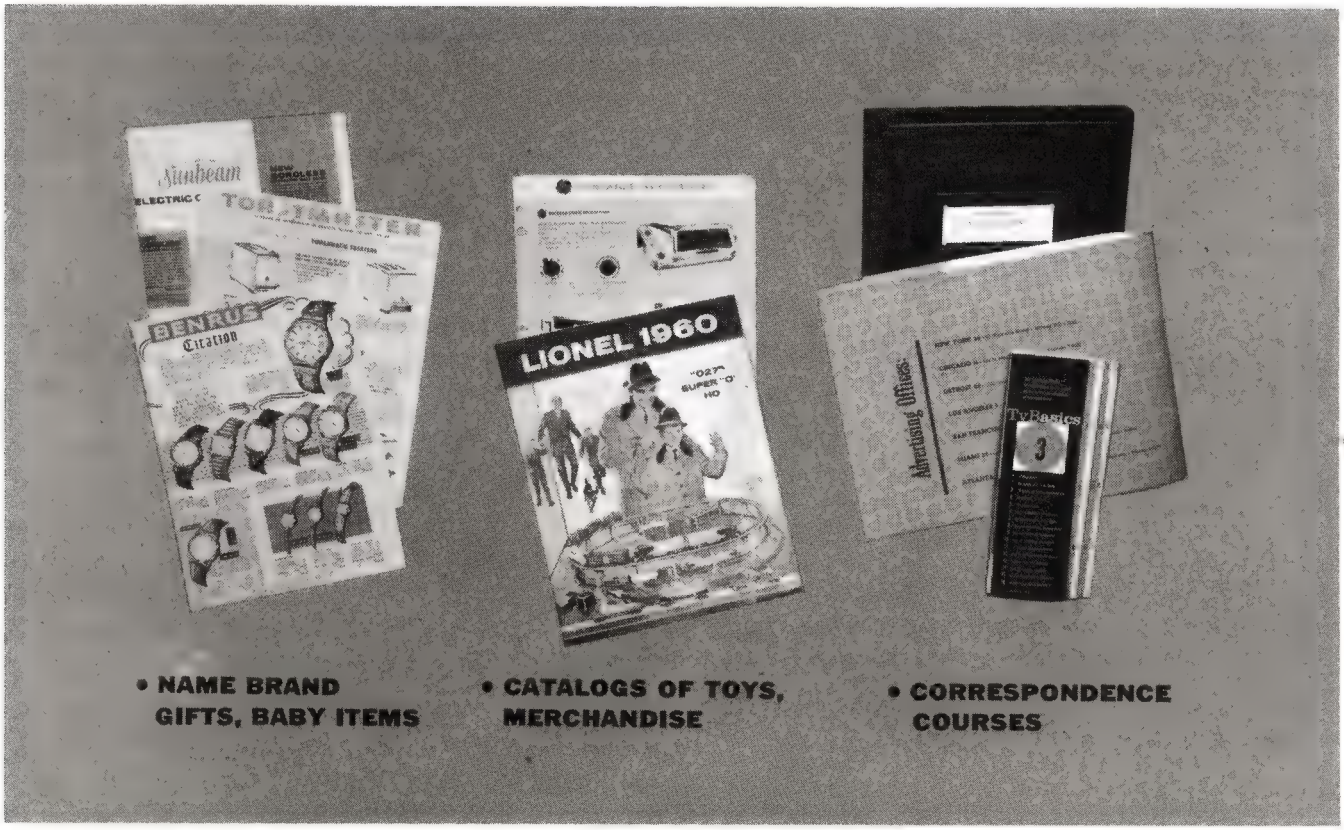
Yes, a small mail order business offers you an opportunity to earn a second income, or—if you work at it in earnest, a chance to strike it rich. The young housewife in St. Louis may be content to make an extra $20.00 a week . . . the office worker in Los Angeles may be aiming for $150.00 weekly full time business . . . and the ambitious schoolteacher in Newark may reach $20,000 a year. What is your objective? Set your own goal, pick your own hours, and the sky is the limit.

Even a government report stated that a number of the most successful one-man mail order enterprises make as high as $40,000 to $50,000 a year! But frankly, this is the exception rather than the rule. Most mail order operators are content to earn a comfortable living doing little physical work, but enjoying their work thoroughly! We don't say you'll be a mail order millionaire or another Sears & Roebuck, but if you're looking for a busines of your own with financial security, the answer is mail order. If you've already tried mail



Big firms will carry all stock for you. They ship orders direct to your customers using your own labels.

Your Own Catalogs of Top Mail Order Items!



A. J. Statile Co. will prepare your catalogs, write your sales letters, supply mailing lists and even ship merchandise for you, using your own shipping labels.

order with little or no success, don't give up! Try to analyze what went wrong. Success comes only to those who keep trying and learn from their own mistakes. Again we emphasize, deal only with a reputable firm.

The A. J. Statile Co. has been in business for over twelve years. They gladly furnish bank or trade references upon request. They are probably one of the largest mail order wholesalers in the country. Whether it be toys, gifts, vitamins or appliances—they've got it ready to ship under your label WITHIN 24 HOURS!

Firmly convinced that no other business offers the tremendous opportunities of mail order, A. J. Statile, president of the firm, is an outspoken advocate of the man or woman who wants to start in business for himself. As Statile puts it, "by all means, start your own business and start NOW! If you want a chance at security and financial independence make your choice mail order. There's nothing like it. Absolutely nothing!"

MAIL COUPON BELOW – NO OBLIGATION

A. J. Statile Co., Dept. AM-28 • Montvale 28, N. J.

Dear Mr. Statile:

Please send me complete FREE details telling me how I may obtain a franchised mail order dealership with your firm. I understand I am under no obligation and no salesman will call on me.

NAME ..... AGE ..... SEX .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, IF ANY .....

SLAUGHTER AT ST. NAZAIRE

by Henry I. Kurtz and J. P. Fried

Mountbatten's "Death Riders", they were. Four out of five of them were to die this night—the night they raided mighty St. Nazaire and opened the gates for D-Day!

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

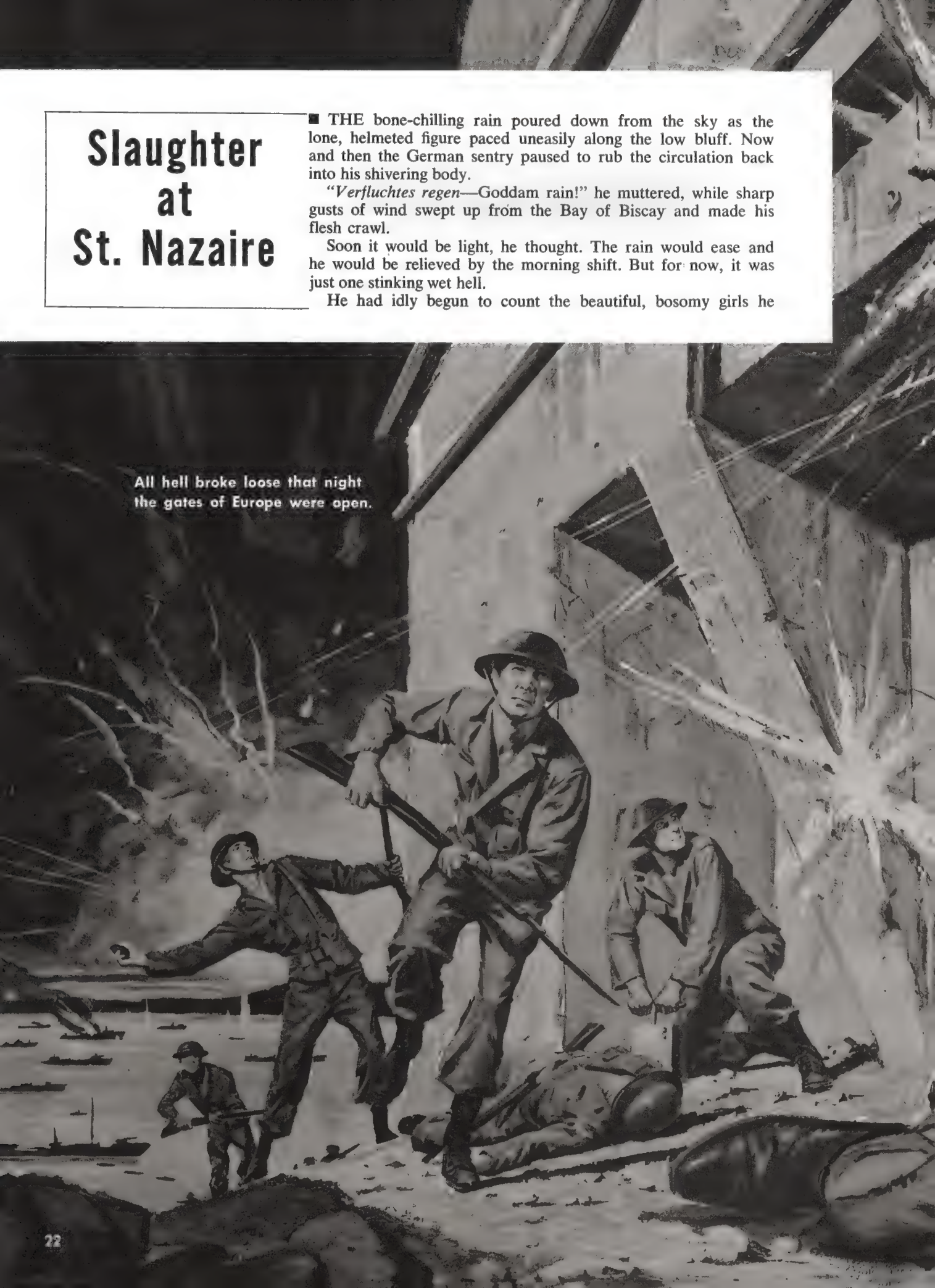
Slaughter at St. Nazaire

■ THE bone-chilling rain poured down from the sky as the lone, helmeted figure paced uneasily along the low bluff. Now and then the German sentry paused to rub the circulation back into his shivering body.

"Verfluchtes regen—Goddam rain!" he muttered, while sharp gusts of wind swept up from the Bay of Biscay and made his flesh crawl.

Soon it would be light, he thought. The rain would ease and he would be relieved by the morning shift. But for now, it was just one stinking wet hell.

He had idly begun to count the beautiful, bosomy girls he



All hell broke loose that night the gates of Europe were open.

ILLUSTRATED BY VIC PREZIO

knew in his home city when suddenly he heard the faint sound of a twig snapping to his left. The underbrush rustled, and he saw the dim shadow of another human form, barely discernible through the limp fog that hung about the French coast.

Instinctively, the sentry swung his rifle from his shoulder, aiming it toward the ghostly form skulking in the woods.

"Wer ist denn da? Who goes there?" he shouted.

No answer. The German aimed, his finger choked the trigger, but the shot never came. Intent upon the man in front of him, he was oblivious of the black-garbed figure stalking him from behind. A shadowy arm shot out snakelike, wrenching the sentry's head back abruptly. Fingers dug viciously into his eyes, and then, with split-second suddenness, the arm whirled through the air, knife poised, and cut across the German's throat in a single, ripping motion.

The sentry never uttered a sound as a solid stream of crimson geysered up from his jugular vein, oozing into the rainy slime. He slumped motionless into the mud, his rifle clattering before him.

The first shadowy figure bounded out of the woods toward his partner.

"Did you get him? he whispered.

"All finished here, mate." The second man gestured, thumbs up.

Faces blackened to match the insignialess uniforms, the two British commandos grimly went about their business. Shoulder straps, collar insignia and all papers were taken from the corpse. Then the Britishers silently retraced their steps down the slope to the beach. There other fog-shrouded figures awaited them.

"Number four party all correct?" their leader asked.

"All correct, sir," the commandos replied in hushed voices.

"Very well, then we've got what we came for. Let's off at the double. Flash the signal, Lance Corporal."

A flashlight blinked a pre-arranged code and the commandos deftly uncovered well-concealed rubber boats. Moments later they were bucking the tide, heading out into the English Channel toward a surfacing submarine.

In a few hours a plane would pick them up, and then they would be back in England, making their report about the disposition of German units near St. Nazaire. The last pieces were falling into place. "Operation Chariot" was under way.

"OPERATION Chariot"—the raid on St. Nazaire—had begun more than a month before. On a bleak Sunday in February, 1942, Lieutenant Colonel Augustus Charles Newman had received urgent instructions to report to Combined Operations Headquarters in London. This was the office that handled British land-sea commando operations.

The thirty-eight-year-old Newman, a civil engineer in peacetime, had risen at the war's outbreak to commander of the Essex Regiment. Now he was in charge of Number Two Commando. (The word "commando" denoted an elite unit of about 500 raiders as well as the unit's individual members.)

Montbatten— on his shoulders for victory or for death.

Commandos look at St. Nazaire from British cruiser.

Paratroop commandos ready for invasion of French coast. Casualties at St. Nazaire were high.

As he hurried to C.O.H., the slightly-built but wiry Newman hoped that at last he and his men were about to be given a task worthy of them. Until now they had been engaged in trivial raids along the French and Norwegian coasts. They were straining at the bit for some real action.

Part of their anxiousness to test their mettle was the result of the unbelievably arduous training given them by Newman. "Old Ace," as he was called by his men, expected them to perform the impossible—and to do it with a smile.

At the Achnacarry Depot in Scotland, his commandos were regularly marched fifteen miles uphill in two hours and fifteen minutes—with full packs. They were taught to be better than "Buffalo Bill" with a rifle and "Jack the Ripper" with a knife, and to be completely self-sufficient in the field. Those with a mechanical bent were trained as demolition experts.

Moreover, before they could earn their coveted green berets, emblem of the British commandos, they had to take Newman's specially devised "death ride." This little training "game" involved crossing a river under fire (live ammunition was always used in practice exercises) by means of a loop of rope attached to a second rope strung out between two trees.

And if all this wasn't enough, "Old Ace" regularly woke his men at the most ungodly hours of night for additional marches that made the hikes at Parris Island look like leisurely strolls. What's more, he personally led them rather than to pass the buck to an N.C.O.

Once, in the Scottish foothills, Newman marched his men right off a pier into the frigid waters of the Clyde River.

Without hesitation, every one of his commandos followed him in.

Such was the toughness and uncompromising discipline of the man who now reported to Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations and cousin of King George VI.

.Mountbatten didn't waste words.

"You have been selected, Colonel, to lead a picked force of commandos on an extremely important and exceptionally hazardous mission," he said crisply. "It will be no ordinary raid, but rather a major operation of the war."

Continuing, Mountbatten unfolded a large map of the French coast. With his finger, he traced the coastline south of Brest to the mouth of the Loire River, where it emptied into the Bay of Biscay. Then he moved up the Loire to the port city of St. Nazaire.

"Here is what we're after!"

St. Nazaire. The French city of 50,000 people had been turned by Hitler's occupying hordes into one of the most heavily defended installations in Europe. Its significance for the Germans was enormous; it had the only drydock capable of berthing the German pocket battleship *Tirpitz.* Like her sister ship the *Bismarck,* the *Tirpitz* was a veritable scourge of the Atlantic, breaking up convoys, and wreaking havoc on Allied shipping as she harassed the sea lanes (*Continued on page* 48)

A PSYCHIATRISTS FINDS STARTLING CHANGES IN TODAY'S

SEX MORALS

BY SHAILER UPTON LAWTON, M.D., F.A.C.P.

Sexual license . . . the new VD spread . . . the shocking laxity among our youth—what are we doing to face this new national danger which can destroy us as completely as any H-bomb?

■ "THERE is little sense of shock any more," says Bishop James A. Pike of San Francisco. "The public takes for granted many immoral things."

Dr. Richard E. Gordon, New Jersey psychiatrist, observes, "The majority of modern girls bring to their honeymoons a more complete sexual education than their grandmothers or mothers typically did."

The sex picture in America has changed radically.

Sarah Gibson Blanding, former president of Vassar College, recently found it necessary to call a compulsory assembly of her students.

She told them sternly that it is dishonorable to get drunk and disorderly, and to have premarital sexual relations.

Students who couldn't behave themselves, she said, ought to withdraw from Vassar before they had to be expelled.

Her blunt remarks provoked a campus uproar.

Miscellany News, Vassar's weekly, polled students on whether they believed a student's sex life was any of Vassar's business. Fully forty percent said it was *not*.

"If the speech were taken seriously," one girl said, "probably two-thirds of the students would withdraw."

The Psychoanalytical Assistance Foundation will soon (*Continued on page* 51)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ADVENTURE BY BILL TROY

They rule by terror, fight by blood, Kenya's fanatic secret terrorists

MAU-MAU!

by Roy C. Rainey

P.I.P. PHOTOS
BY EAST AFRICAN STANDARD

Body of a terrorist killed after battle with the Kenya police.

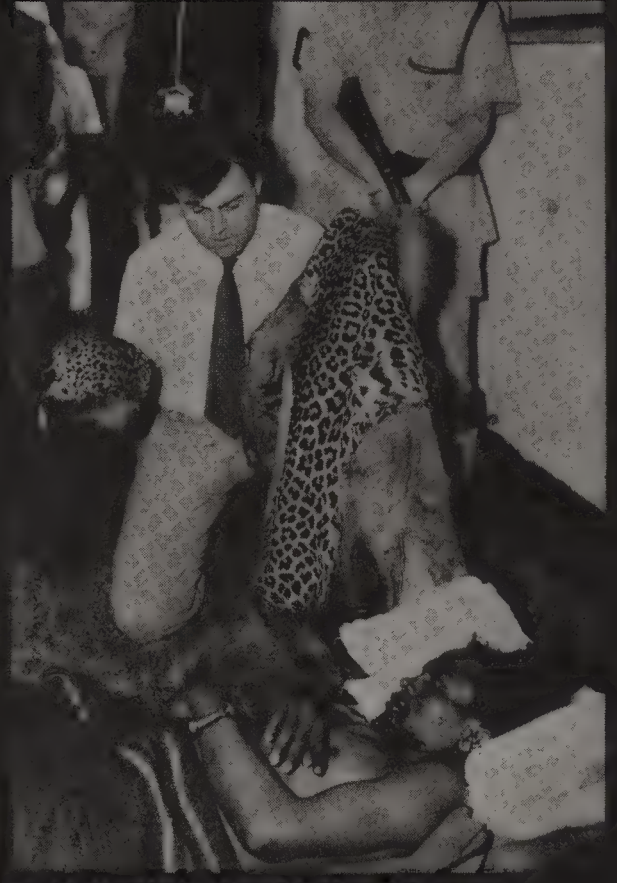
■ The specter of Mau-Mau, that savage terrorist organization once more rears its ugly, blood-stained head over this lushly beautiful equatorial country. But this time the Mau-Mau appears under a different guise. The razor-sharp PANCA (machette) that struck fear into the hearts of black man and white alike, at the height of Kenya's seven-year Emergency, has been replaced by the home-made rifle as the instrument of terror. Miniature armories are being set up throughout the fertile Kenya Highlands, and administrative cells established in every village. ■ Men, who once formed the "hard-core" of the Mau-Mau movement, served years in British detention camps and resisted all attempts at rehabilitation, have banded together into a tightly-knit guerilla organization known to the security forces as the "Land Freedom Army".

(Continued on page 72)

Weapons were barred at Nairobi stadium meeting, but someone smuggled in knife, stabbed this man, who later died.

Troops conduct mass screening, checking suspects for concealed weapons and ammunition.

British soldiers check identity card of this Kikuyu tribesman.



"Field Marshal" Kimathi after his arrest.

Loyal Kikuyu chief instructs women in use of Panga.

"Gang moll" (left) traveled with men in the forest.

Home Guard volunteers undergo bayonet instruction.

Seized equipment includes "luxury" home-made rifle.

Police officer leads Home Guard in search of terrorists.

Police check Kikuyu's clothing before KANU meeting.

IRON JAW

BY DAVID CREWE

He had one play left in him—one last, hopeless gamble to give back to his beaten team the championship he had stolen from them

■ EDDIE Kane learned forward with his fist under his chin, staring across the field. He hadn't moved during that entire quarter.

It was something to watch, at that, this team he had so strangely inherited. For these were the mighty Mastodons, the club that could do no wrong.

As he watched, the big gray phalanx broke smartly out of the huddle, wheeled into battle formation.

It was going to be a scatback sneak. Everybody in the joint knew it. You could see Big Daddy Bascom dig those tree trunks he called legs into the turf, getting traction for the big push. Pops Fennell took the ball out of the split T, faked to his fullback and just bellied the ball, walking behind the

He catfooted down the sideline, waiting for his interference to form.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE MALMED

IRON JAW

CONTINUED

man mountain for four yards and the first down. It was that easy.

There was some yelling from the stands, but not too much. After all, these were the Mastodons. World champions, All League, All everything, for perhaps too many years. They were the best except Sid Luckman's Chicago Bears, they were saying. Except perhaps for the Green Bay Packers, those wonder kids who had been pulverizing the Western Division, who were rumored to be perhaps even better.

The clock showed three minutes to go in the ball game. They were leading the fangless Eagles, thirty-four to six. It was in the bagola, strictly for yawns. Except for the inevitable cluster of diehards in the rush seats, customers were trickling up the aisles, trying to skip the subway crush.

Eddie got up, a little unsteadily.

When he stood up, you could see the mammoth shoulders on the man. He was lumpy, almost misshapen, saved only by the obvious power which rippled along the flat back muscles when he moved. From the waist down he was standing in a hole. He was five feet seven in his stocking feet and he weighed a pulverizing one-fifty pounds when full of beer, which was quite often.

Once, they had been saying, he was the best non running field general since Davy O'Brien. For a couple of years, they hadn't been saying it.

Alone, unnoticed, he walked down the steps with the crowd.

It was a laugh, he was thinking wryly. Two years ago they would have been mobbing him for autographs. Now no one even noticed or cared.

He was, he discovered, weaving a little. Those Martinis on the plane hadn't been exactly what the doctor ordered. They quite evidently had had gremlins in them. He had perhaps the most important date of his checkered career under the stands in a matter of minutes, and he wasn't exactly ready for it.

He pushed open the door and a blast of noise hit him in the face. The kids were whooping it up, clowning with the sports writers. Eddie stepped into the center of the room, where they could see him, and the noise stopped suddenly.

Across the room, Bad Man Santo spat distastefully.

"Here he is, gents," he said. "Killer Kane. God's gift to football. All we have to do now is sit back, read our press clippings and spend that playoff dough in advance."

They saw him then. A couple of the news boys came over and shook hands. Good or bad, Killer Kane had been hot copy in the old days. The very fact that he was getting another chance in the big time was worth space.

"What happened to that blonde you were batting around with?" Eddie Tucker of the *World* grinned. "You two really cut a rug for a time."

Eddie said, "Nothing—happened, you might say. We got married in Peoria. She had a kid and she died."

Something in his eyes made the reporter stop, shake his head and go away. Some things you just don't bug a guy about.

Eddie sat down uncertainly. He was painfully conscious that the looks he was getting were not exactly friendly.

Deacon Rand drawled, "Still living up to your press notices, Kane. You couldn't sober up in time to dress for the game."

Killer Kane grinned. He was as jumpy as hell. He had a two-day beard and a four-day hangover. His craggy face was flushed under the stubble and not all of it was from the September sun. His expensive suit was wrinkled as though he had slept in it, which indeed he had.

Squat Pizza Pastole came over and shook hands.

"You bastard," he said. "You used to kill me with them spot pases, back with the Broncos. Remember?"

"You were lousy," Eddie said flatly, seeing the warmth whip out of the other man's eyes." You just never could do that thing they call think. If I'd had you defending against me all year, they'd have forgotten Red Grange."

Pizza said, "Maybe. Or maybe times have changed, buddy boy. I was a raw kid then. You nearly ruined me, and laughed while you did it. I'm wearin' long pants now."

Kane shrugged. It had been stupid to bring up the old days. But then, he'd never been noted for tact, on or off the ball field.

Behind him, voice said. "Three days late you are, buster. That will cost you three bills out of your pay."

The little man with the big shoulders said, "Buy yourself some crying towels with it, Ruhl. What do I want with money?"

He had exactly twelve crumpled bucks in his Brooks Brothers pants, but he'd do a little dying before he'd tell any one.

Red Ruhl said, "You smell from sour mash and suds, my friend." The burly coach bit the end off a cigar, looked at it thoughtfully and jabbed it into Eddie's middle. "Let's level, Kane. You stuff any more alcohol into that lump of lard you call a belly and I'll option you back to Peoria so fast you'll never get out. You're hired to take Nelson's place. I'm betting you can't fill his shoes. If you can't you're through. Get in shape—fast, or else."

He went back into his office and the door slammed behind him.

Sammy Fry said drily, "Somehow I don't think that man likes you, runt."

"He's got good reasons," Kane grunted.

He had that old rakehell look back in his eyes and his hat was pushed back on his head. He loked ready for a fight or a frolic, as though he didn't care too much which it happened to be.

Actually, he had seldom been as scared in his life.

"Where does a guy go to sober up in the crummy town?" Killer Kane said. "I got things to do."

THE next Sunday he trotted out there under the thunder and heard the yells come down.

It was awesome, that mass of bleacher bugs. Seventy thousand real gone pigskin nuts, they were, a drugstore quarterback in every mother's (*Continued on page* 54)

Girl for a Roman Holiday:

Margaret Lee

PHOTOS GEORG MICHALKE/BIRNBACK

For reasons which seem pretty obvious to us, pert, not so little Margaret Lee did all right for herself as a double for the late great Marilyn Monroe.

She's London born, twentyish, gay and ravishing by any old standards.

Her earliest admirers? Horses! Her father was and is a noted horse-breeder, but who's going to keep something like this bunch of girl in a stable?

After a short modeling career, an Italian producer spotted her—he would! and signed her up for six motion pictures.

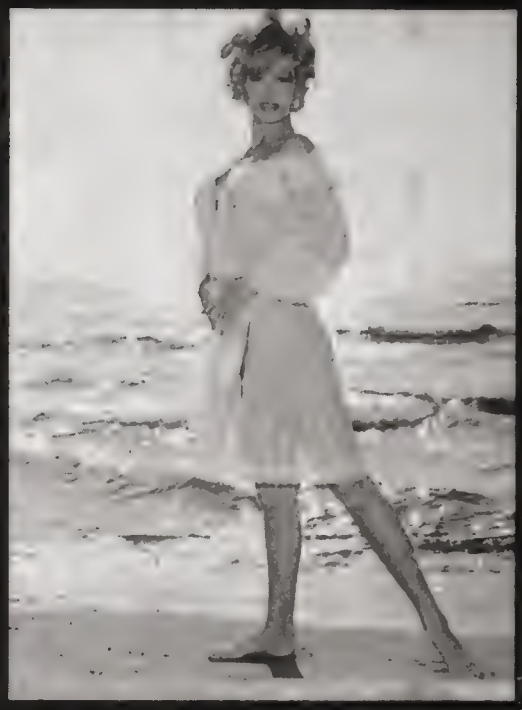
The hot-blooded Latins are still muttering about her when Chianti and girl-looking time comes around.

Right now Margaret's dabbling in television between screen contracts and making eyes at Hollywood.

Wanna bet?

She likes animals, fast cars and not so speedy men.

Hm-m. ■



GRINGO GENERALISSIMO

Lady-killer, bum, soldier of dubious fortune, doughty Lee Christmas left his mark on almost every important battlefield—and boudoir—from New Orleans to war-torn Central America

■ IT WAS growing late—even for New Orleans' infamous Storyville. All the same the big redhead and his brown little *compañero* showed no inclination to leave the posh Basin Street bawdy house. But carefree though they appeared to the scantily-clad girls and to the sharp-eyed man on the sofa this dreary winter night of December 22, 1910, the two playboys were partners in one of the wildest, most daring plots ever hatched to seize a Latin American country.

"More champagne, *por favor!*" called Manuel Bonilla. Even at cathouse standards the bubbly was exorbitant, but the diminutive ex-president of Honduras seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of greenbacks.

"That's the stuff! Dancin' gives a man a hell of a thirst." Champagne glass in one hand, part of a girl in the other, General (*Continued on page 62*)

BY JOHN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIN

He liked his women, this gringo—but tonight was serious, deadly business.

Once to every race-car driver comes the moment of truth, the horror-charged second when

He Rides With Death

PHOTOS BY HONEYCUT OF P.I.P.

Spinning crazily, Page's car is crushed.

■ ONCE in a lifetime a camera catches a split-second drama that can spell a man's life or death. Such was the case at the National 400 Race in Charlotte, North Carolina—the longest, richest, most dangerous stock car race in the world.

Pictured below is racing star Lenny Page's freakish onrush with the Grim Reaper, dramatically caught the very instant it happened.

Page, a ten-year racing veteran from Buffalo, New York, was making one of his rare appearances in the South on that fateful day.

Barrelling into the north turn midway in the race, the T-Bird driven by Page blew a tire, jackknifed into the upper rail and bounced crazily back

on the track, directly in the path of a Pontiac driven by Don O'Dell.

At over one hundred miles an hour O'Dell hit Lenny Page's T-Bird squarely in the middle, completely demolishing it.

By some miracle, Page was still alive. A newsman at the scene of the accident stopped him from bleeding to death on the spot by holding closed an exposed ruptured vein in his neck until ambulance attendants could arrive.

Unconscious, Page was rushed to the hospital, suffering from severe lacerations of the face and

Newsman rushes to stricken driver, who is bleeding badly. Prompt help saves Page's life until aid arrives.

Pressure applied to severed vein in unconscious driver's neck staves off certain death.

The price of a speed crown? In this instance—Fractured skull, crushed ribs—near-fatal hurts.

neck, a fractured skull and several smashed ribs.

Don O'Dell, by some strange freak of chance, walked away from the smash-up uphurt!

Page, after two months recuperating, recovered completely. At last reports, however, he has given up racing.

Truly, the rewards of speed are bountiful, the thrills supreme and many, but there's always a somber little shadow of a man waiting at every turn holding the final checkered flag, which means the end to any driver, any instant.

Cuba's CALL GIRL GUERILLA

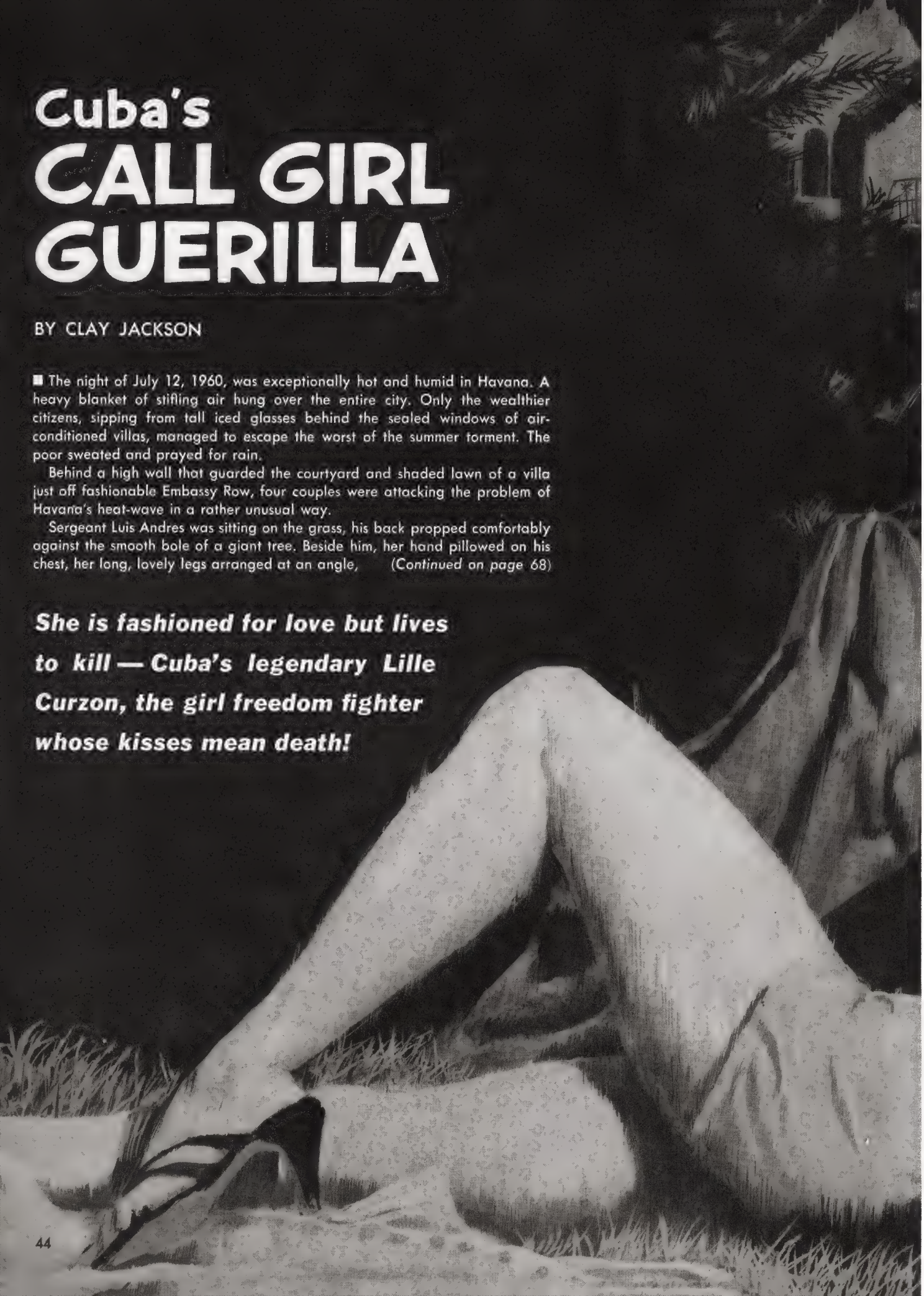
BY CLAY JACKSON

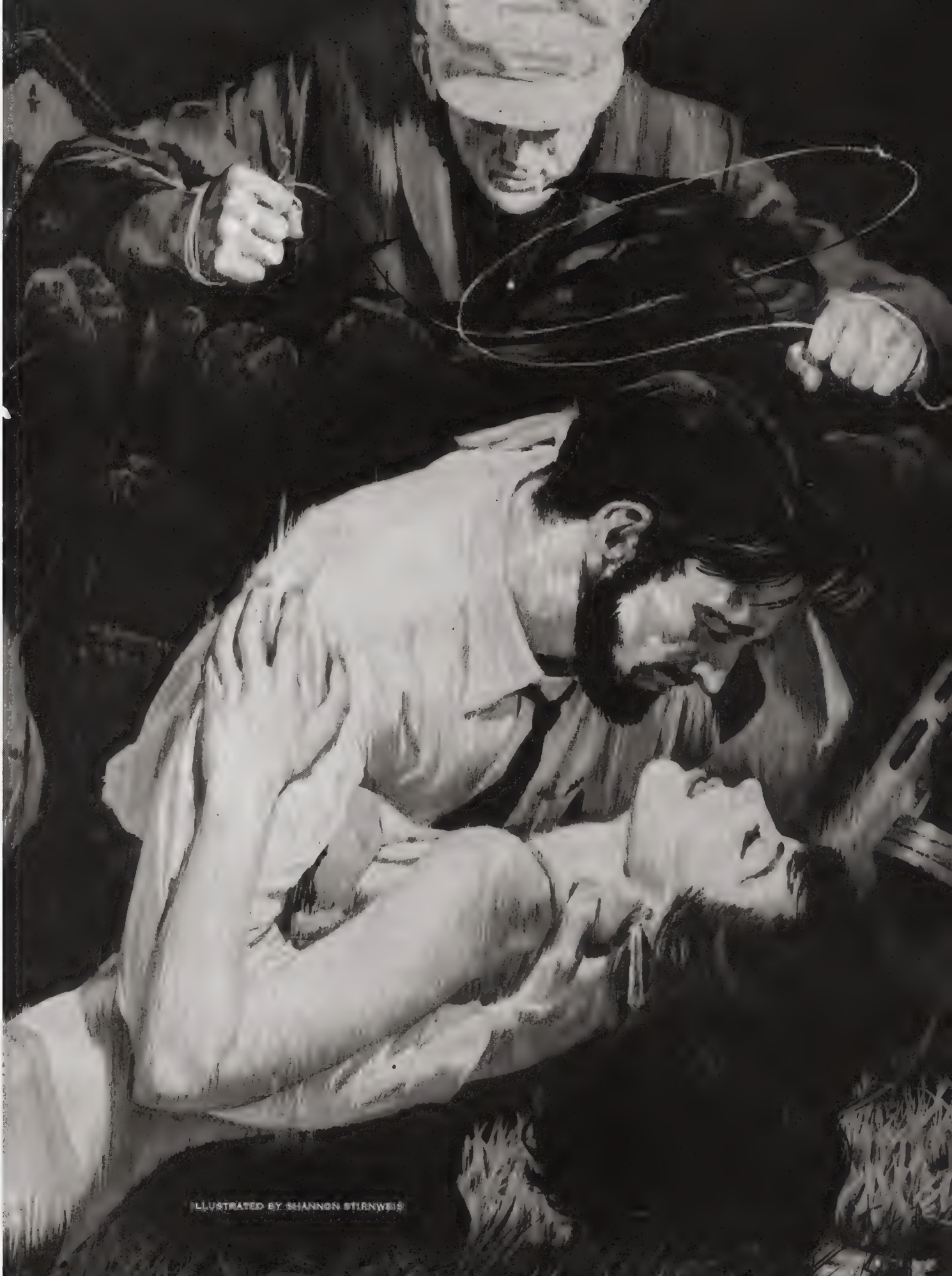
■ The night of July 12, 1960, was exceptionally hot and humid in Havana. A heavy blanket of stifling air hung over the entire city. Only the wealthier citizens, sipping from tall iced glasses behind the sealed windows of air-conditioned villas, managed to escape the worst of the summer torment. The poor sweated and prayed for rain.

Behind a high wall that guarded the courtyard and shaded lawn of a villa just off fashionable Embassy Row, four couples were attacking the problem of Havana's heat-wave in a rather unusual way.

Sergeant Luis Andres was sitting on the grass, his back propped comfortably against the smooth bole of a giant tree. Beside him, her hand pillowed on his chest, her long, lovely legs arranged at an angle, (*Continued on page 68*)

She is fashioned for love but lives to kill — Cuba's legendary Lille Curzon, the girl freedom fighter whose kisses mean death!





ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

He knew how bad it was even before he fell.

JACOPO
THE FAITHFUL

BY LEE SAVAGE, JR.

The pain came and he could feel his life blood wet against his skin. And then Jacopo the faithful showed them how a buccaneer should die

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE MALMED

■ WHEN Jacopo Donatello stepped from the pirogue to drag it out of the water, the scrape of the bottom across the shells startled a tern from the rushes. It was that quiet.

A safe enough rendezvous, thought Dominique You, for discussion of the dangerous business he had come on from New Orleans.

"Listen, Jacopo," he said. "This just isn't done any more. The Americans have cutters in the Gulf all the time, and dragoons in the bayous. They won't even let a gig get through here. I tell you, it won't go, holding a girl for ransom. This is 1826. Things aren't like they used to be."

Jacopo turned to Dominique. How many times had he seen the old gunner run up the rigging like a monkey? That was when they had sailed together with Lafitte, before Dominique had settled down to a less hazardous life. (*Continue on page 76*)

all the way from Norway to Gibraltar.

The *Tirpitz* was known to be headsouth from Norwegian waters; St. Nazaire was obviously to be her base of operations. It would be up to Newman's commandos, therefore, to see to it that the city's massive drydock was put out of operation.

Adjacent to the dock was an inner ship basin, Mountbatten noted that fourteen submarine pens were under construction there. These would be the secondary target.

Swiftness and a shortage of conveyance craft, Mountbatten said, made it imperative that Newman have only about 200 men to perform this prodigious job. Could he do it?

Newman straightened, his cheeks flushed with soldierly color, and a slight smile underlined his hard features.

"It's quite a task, sir—but just the proper caper for Number Two Commando!"

THE second half of the "Operation Chariot" team made his appearance. Captain Robert Edward Dudley Ryder of the Royal Navy was assigned to command the naval flotilla that would carry Newman and his commandos over to France—and, hopefully, some of them back to England. The thirty-four-year-old naval officer had already earned peacetime distinction as a member of the British Antarctica Expedition of 1934-37.

The strategy took shape. Motor launches escorted by the destroyers would make up the attack force.

Extra guns would be crammed onto the destroyers. St. Nazaire was bristling with coastal batteries and antiaircraft guns of every caliber. The Britishers would need all the firepower they could get.

An ancient American destroyer, renamed H.M.S. *Campbeltown,* was to be the vanguard. At a precisely calulated speed she would ram the gates of the drydock. Inside her bow, heavy charges of explosives would be timed to go off several hours after her crew abandoned her.

This was only the beginning of the elaborate maximum-security preparations that preceded the raid. During the following weeks the hand-picked demolition parties were trained up and down the length of the British Isles. No two parties drilled together; none knew what the mission was.

Gradualy and unobtrusively the demolition parties were transferred to the debarkation point: the port city of Falmouth. Placed on board the *Princess Josephine Charlotte,* a commando training ship anchored in the harbor, they waited in glum bewilderment.

But "Old Ace" knew exactly what he was doing. Swagger stick tucked under his arm, peaked cap tilted rakishly over his left eye, Newman strode about the camp grounds, personally supervising every detail.

Meanwhile, Captain Ryder took small parties of commandos on "joy rides" into the English Channel on stormy nights. Those who suffered excessively from seasickness were weeded out and replaced.

Finally, on the evening of March twenty-fifth, the go-ahead came down from headquarters:

"Father wishes you happy birthday," the cryptic message read.

Next day in early afternoon, the flotilla sailed out of Falmouth in three columns: Destroyers *Altherstone, Tynedale* and *Campbeltown* and Motor Gunboats 314 and 74 in the center; and the small motor launches making up the starboard and port columns.

At eight P.M. on the twenty-seventh the ships regrouped for the final lap of the journey, and Ryder transferred to his flagship, Motor Gunboat 314. With this boat leading, and the *Campbeltown* right behind, the whole force moved south along the French coast toward the mouth of the Loire River. All in all, covering force, demolition teams and officers, 265 commandos stood ready to jump off.

Under cover of darkness the ships slipped unnoticed up the river toward their destination, six miles from the Bay of Biscay. Crouched in the narrow, bobbing launches and on the rolling decks of the *Campbeltown* and Motor Gunboat 314, the commandos underwent last-minute briefings and checked and rechecked all their equipment. Then they settled down to count each agonizing minute as it slowly ticked by.

"Remember the password," Newman cautioned, " 'War Weapons Week Weymouth.' That's a mouthful no Jerry can pronounce."

The ships continued to move slowly upstream. To deceive the Germans, the smokestacks of the *Campbeltown* had been trimed so that she resembled a German motor torpedo gunboat. For the moment the British vessels flew the German flag.

On either side of the river lights from small villages glittered across the moonlit waters as the ships came to a point about a mile and a half from the target area. Newman glanced at his luminous watch: 01.22 hours—1:22 A.M., March 28.

And then from the opposite bank giant searchlights suddenly blinked.

Shore batteries began a preliminary fire, and shells whistled overhead, plowing up billows of water all around. But Newman had prepared for this moment.

"Signalman Pike to the front," he ordered. "Give them their own call sign."

Dressed in a German petty officer's uniform, Pike scampered to the rail on the bridge, where he would be in full view of German observers. Calmly he gave the code signal for friend, then informed the shore batteries that the flotilla was a party of German torpedo boats, two of which were damaged, seeking asylum at St. Nazaire.

The firing slackened.

"Nicely done, lad," Newman muttered, a smile breaking across his lips.

But the respite was temporary. A quick check by the German shore commander revealed that no friendly ships were expected in. Again the Germans signaled for proper identification. And again Signalman Pike did his best to lie them through. But it was no go this time. At 1:27 the German batteries opened up in unison.

BUT luck still rode with the raiders; precious minutes had been gained by the deception and now they were well past the heaviest batteries.

"No point in carrying the masquerade any further," Newman called out. "Let's show the blighters our true colors. Hoist the Union Jack!"

Up went the white ensign and the *Campbeltown* sped full steam toward the docks. St. Nazaire was well lit up—thanks to the Royal Air Force.

The raiders were closing in on their objective, the large drydock loomed ahead. Some of the launches veered

off to hit the "Mole," a sliver of land that jutted into the Loire.

While Newman and his parties of demolition men hit their dockside targets, these other groups would attack the "Mole," hold that as a jump-off point for the withdrawal and strike out at the sub pens in the Basin St. Nazaire.

It would be no easy task; the "Mole" was heavily defended by two strong concrete pillboxes.

Creaking and grunting the *Campbeltown,* sliced through the water toward the gates of the drydock and buried her prow deep in the locks.

"Over the side!" came the order. Commandos leaped to the rails of the aged ship, sliding nimbly down the lines and rope ladders. Quickly the "Green Berets" swung into action.

Demolition teams, protected by five-man commando squads, followed quickly, dispersing among the time-worn warehouses that lined the dock. Dodging through the narrow alleys that separated the buildings, they set their primed charges at pumping stations, key ammo dumps and the inner lock gates.

Deep in the bowels of the impaled *Campbeltown* a special demolition group set the charges that would destroy the outer gates.

While the demolition workers attended to their tasks, the assault squads went about their business.

With professional detachment, the commandos sped from door to door, lobbing grenades and spraying lethal charges.

Newman was constantly in the thick of the fighting. He led a party west toward the Basin St. Nazaire, then cut south across a bridge over a canal leading into the Basin. On the opposite side a machine-gun nest greeted the raiders. It stood between them and the building selected as headquarters for the commando force.

"No going around it—we'll have to take it!" Newman barked.

Smoke grenades were lobbed at the German bunker, and then with a rush and a savage shout Newman and his men went in at a run. Sergeant Moss, sprinting next to the commander, caught a brust in his midsection, staggered forward and pitched onto the brick paving stones. Another soldier spun sharply as Schmauser slugs tore the top of his head off.

The commandos tumbled in among the Germans, slashing with bayonets and trench knives. The Jerries were no match for the élite shock troops, who battled for the bunker with frenzied determination. Newman smacked an enemy soldier senseless with his automatic pistol, then turned the German's machine gun on other retreating Nazis.

Moments later the last of the Germans were scurrying down darkened streets.

Newman and his men immediately took up defensive positions and established walkie-talkie communications with the other parties. Now, however, they found themselves the target of every German gun in the area. The building they had taken bordered the Basin St. Nazaire, and from the top of the sub pens heavy guns boomed at them, while south of their headquarters other German guns also began finding the range.

No artillery was available to the commandos, but fortunately Sergeant-Major Haines came up with his two-inch-mortar detail. The little weapon was put into operation, and its arching shells sent German gunners tumbling for cover. The shells were soon plummeting down on the U-boat-tender gun emplacements.

A SMILE of satisfaction on his lips, Newman listened as his men's demolition charges split the air with their percussive sound. First the pumping stations, then the inner gate of the drydock went skyrocketing, debris cascading all around.

Captain David Roy led his men in a scaling-ladder assult on the pumping station, wiping out two gun positions and holding a perimeter.

Lieutenant Chant, both knees shattered by a grenade, descended into the whirl of machinery inside the tower to set his charges.

Despite the heavy casualties, the commando assault teams, hitting the drydock and the area north of the "Mole," had been successful, carrying out their assignments with clockwork proficiency. But the situation was much different at the "Mole" itself.

The assault craft that pressed toward that jetty were met by a withering fire that raked the thin bulwarks of the motor launches. Five out of six were sunk or disabled.

The first of these was Motor Launch One. Valorously she steamed in toward the "Mole," while a solid sheet of flame and steel lashed out against her wooden hull. A direct hit from a German "88" cut her amidships, and then another blew her and her whole complement into a twisted mass of mangled bodies and wreckage.

The same fate awaited Motor Launches 12, 13 and 15.

At the "Mole" the last of the British torpedo boats steamed in.

U.P.I. PHOTO

They waited for the right moment—the target of every German gun.

Motor Launch 11, machine guns crackling, zig-zagged through the shattered hulks. With a scraping thud, the craft bounced into the levee.

"All right, men, this is it!" Red-haired Captain William Pritchard sprang from the boat, pistol in hand. "At 'em now, lads—give the bloody bastards a taste of British steel!"

ALMOST every man in the column was cut to shreds; but with five remaining commandos at his side, the captain managed to pin the Germans down in their bunkers.

Newman had sent Major Copland with a force to assist the landing parties at the "Mole." Copland and his troops established a bridgehead at its western end. Between his force and the survivors of Pritchard's decimated assault column, the Germans were trapped in a steady crossfire.

Back at his makeshift headquarters, Newman reviewed the situation. From the roof of his building he could see the shimmering light of the launches burning in the river, and it was obvious that escape by sea was out of the question.

There were fifty men, many wounded, in the small bullet-spattered brick building. Newman explained to them that their only hope was to split up into small parties and head through the city into the countryside.

Under a hail of slugs, he led his party out.

Motorcycle troops pursued them. Newman and Corporal Ted Kent covered the rear of their party as it scooted down a back alley, closely pursued by a squad of S.S. cyclists. Kent whirled and sprayed the pursuers with a burst from his Sten gun while Newman lobbed grenades at the Jerries. The lead cyclists pitched forward over their machines. One went slamming into a wall, where the machine burst into flames.

Newman and burly Corporal Kent —slugs in his shoulder and thigh— scampered frantically down the alley after the rest of their group, rejoining them near a cluster of working class homes, charging past terror-filled Frenchmen.

"Vive les Anglais. Tuez les salauds Allemands!—Kill the German scum!" the Frenchmen yelled.

Finally twenty commandos crowded into an air-raid shelter at the edge of town. They hoped to continue their journey in the morning.

At the first glimmer of dawn, they started to move out. Then abruptly their escape was cut short by a shout:

"Come on out, Englishmen, or you'll all be killed!"

The yard was swarming with Nazis and Newman realized that the game was up.

He reluctantly ordered his men to lay down their arms.

Sullenly, the pitiful handful of battered Englishmen drifted out into the sunlight—and captivity. An hour later they were reunited with the few other surviving British commandos. Under the watchful eyes of S.S. troops they were marched through the city, past the charred and smoldering wreckage of the docks, and then toward the high ground north of the city.

As they moved along the hilly road, Newman suddenly stopped short and exclaimed, "Good lord, Copland—look!" He pointed toward the drydock in the distance, where the *Campbeltown* was stuck in the locks. "The explosives haven't gone off!"

"You're right," Copland said dejectedly. "Now with a little luck they'll be able to repair the dock in a couple of weeks."

"All for nothing!"

Despondency gnawed at Newman's guts as he realized that the commandos' main task, destruction of the all-important drydock, hadn't been accomplished. He could clearly see the swarm of ant-like enemy thrill-seekers who crowded the decks. Hundreds of German officers and enlisted men were jammed on the trapped vessel and on the drydock, gaping with the fascination of school children in a museum. The *Campbeltown* lolled indifferently in the water.

AND then, with an ear-splitting force that sent the Britishers pitching in every direction, the explosives planted in the ship's bow suddenly did go off. A violent thunderclap—and the dockside was showered with molten steel and lethal fragments. The mob of Germans was literally blown to bits by the blast, and flaming debris started fires throughout the city.

Other explosions followed immediately. Motor Launches 74 and 314 had fired delayed-action torpedos into the Basin St. Nazaire, and now these went off in the submarine pens.

"Good show!" Newman screamed ecstatically, joined by a chorus of cheers from his commandos. "It's worth five years in a Nazi prison!"

Explosions were rocking the whole length of the docks. Frantic German soldiers ran about in a frenzy of confusion as panic spread through their ranks. French workers who tried to flee the dock area were mercilessly shot down by the Germans, who now thought the commando attack was a full-scale invasion.

For the next hour all was chaos. False reports of an invasion circulated far inland. Whole divisions of German troops were diverted to the coast by these false alarms. Wives and mistresses of German soldiers ran wildly through the streets of Nantes crying that the Allied invasion of Europe had come and all was lost. It was several days before order was restored.

So ended the raid on St. Nazaire—with the whole west coast of France in an uproar and a few dozen British commandos being herded into prison camps.

Of the 265 commandos in the raid, only fifty-three had made it back to England.

But the raid had been an outstanding success. All major objectives had been accomplished: the large drydock was rendered useless; the sub pens were severely damaged, and German complacency about the security of their position in France had been dealt a serious blow.

THE *Tirpitz* kept out of the English Channel, but was cornered by British bombers off Norway, where she was sent to the bottom.

After the war Colonel Newman, as well as Captain Ryder, was awarded Britain's highest military decoration —the coveted Victoria Cross. From France, Newman also received the *Croix de Guerre* and the Legion of Honor.

To Englishmen, the commandos' audacious and bloody raid on St. Nazaire was a high light of World War II. British military historian Hilary St. George Saunders summed up his countrymen's sentiment when he declared:

"In the annals of the Royal Navy and Army, indeed in the annals of war itself, there is to be found no braver action than the battle fought that moonlight night among the wide docks and tall warehouses of the port of St. Nazaire."

To borrow a phrase from Winston Churchill, it was one of Britain's finest hours. ■

publish a two-year study of "Sexual Habits of American High School Girls." One fact is going to hit parents between the eyes.

By the time girls get their high school diplomas, forty-one percent are no longer virgins. *Over two girls in five.*

During Easter and Labor Day vacations, resorts like Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Laguna Beach, California and Hampton Beach, New Hampshire are being invaded by as many as 20,000 high school and college students each, all hell-bent for an alcoholic sex orgy.

Collegians call it "Sand, Sex and Suds."

Last Easter Week a group of sixteen high school girls drove to Laguna Beach. Four returned home pregnant.

Police Chief Stewart of Laguna Beach pleaded in Los Angeles papers for parents to pay a surprise visit to his town to see what their youngsters were up to.

"Not a single parent came during the entire holiday," Chief Stewart sighed. "Not one! Parents are just afraid of not being good Joes to their youngsters."

One college boy at Fort Lauderdale told an NBC-TV interviewer, "Sure we're out for kicks! Why not? The whole world may blow up in our faces tomorrow!"

Some communities are finding the price of immorality extremely heavy. Elizabeth, New Jersey felt compelled to stop payments to mothers who had more than one child born out of wedlock.

An astonishing proposal was made, possibly out of desperation, by the City Welfare Director of Richmound, Virginia, Raleigh C. Hobson.

He urged that the city offer free oral contraceptive pills to unwed mothers on relief rolls.

WHO is the typical girl of easy morals today?

The Psychoanalytical Assistance Foundation found that she's about seventeen. Her folks don't get along too well. She's pretty much unsupervised and undisciplined. She's an average student.

She's had sex relations with from one to four men. Currently she engages in sex acts one to three times a month.

The emphasis on sexuality for girls starts earlier these days than it ever did in American history.

Flat-chested little girls in the sixth grade pressure their mothers to buy bras for them to wear as status symbols. They also demand nylons and panty girdles to wear to parties.

More than half of these eleven-year-olds, according to Edward F. Carr, English instructor at Indiana State College, even wear lipstick to school.

"If we give our children nylon stockings before they have legs to hold them up or bras before they have breasts to fill them," he asks, "have we the right to be surprised at any premature bolting later?"

And just in case we don't have enough juvenile sirens now, Hollywood has just given its Production Code seal to "Lolita," a film about a twelve-year-old nymphet who seduces an aging professor.

That should give our twelve-year-olds some fine ideas!

Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffler is concerned, because even at that age some go in for bust-developing programs.

"What worries most physicians," he says, "is that the breasts are becoming over-emphasized symbols of sex.

"Their splendid biological purpose is rapidly falling into the discard. The fact that about sixty-five percent of our babies today are bottle-fed, proves that breast nursing is becoming a lost art."

But not the art of petting.

Dr. Winston Ehrmann, Professor of Sociology at Colorado State University, made a study of the dating habits of over 1,000 students.

"The problem for the females," he reported, "is not that they should or should not pet, because virtually all do at one time or another, but rather how often to pet, how far to go."

IS THIS anything new? Didn't couples *always* pet?

Neck, yes. Pet, no.

Dr. Ehrmann labels petting a "new invention," a new type of behavior.

He also found that today's sex code for girls permits many of them to have premarital relations when they are going steady.

"The girl's role as controller of the sexual relation," says Dr. Ira L. Reiss, Professor of Sociology, Bard College, "is becoming more and more difficult as her own experience makes her more sexually desirous of coitus."

"Notice how the delicate mesh lockstitch makes them fit so snugly. Your wife will simply adore them."

And from my own practice as a psychiatrist, I am aware that an extremely large number of engaged girls today have premarital relations with their financés, as a matter of course.

As for the older single woman, it's taken for granted that she will not deny herself lovers.

Our new patterns of suburban life have increased adultery to a deeply shocking extent. Many suburban wives feel that boredom and loneliness justify their having affairs.

Many suburban husbands, who "have to stay in town overnight on business," spend the night with other women.

Today's sex code takes if for granted that the divorcée automatically needs and will accept sex from almost any man.

"One troubled young divorcée in Bergen County," reports psychiatrist Dr. Richard E. Gordon, "had six unsolicited propositions from her husband's friends in the month after her decree became final."

SMALL towns, too, once the bulwark of moral behavior, have become as sexually lax today as the suburbs.

Stephen J. Grodski, Chief of Police of Riverhead, Long Island, declared "Immorality is not the specialty of any particular element of the town. It hits every type."

America's cities today reflect an even worse moral situation than the suburbs and small towns.

"The complexion of juvenile delinquency involving girls has shockingly changed in the last thirteen years," Arthur J. Rogers, assistant to the Commissioner of Youth Services in New York City, testified at a Senate hearing.

"We found that the major cause of conflict among the gangs was girls. The girls will do anything to please the boys.

"They are promiscuous, truant and violent.

"They participate in petty theft, have out-of-wedlock pregnancies, and use alcohol and narcotics excessively."

Even more startling, perhaps, is the change in the way V.D. is being spread among the immorally promiscusous. Syphilis is on the rise.

Dr. Evan W. Thomas, V.D. consultant to the Chicago Health Department, found that seventy-eight percent of male V.D. victims interviewed named as their contacts not girls, but *other men!*

Like other psychiatrists, I have found a decided increase in homosexuality among American men.

And certainly society today is much more tolerant of active homosexuality than ever before.

Some analysts of the American scene think our sexual revolution began when Kinsey published his first reports, and opened the floodgates of sexual candor.

"Youngsters who were once sheltered and disiciplined," says Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffler, "are now allowed an exposure to and experience of the seamy side of sex.

I have repeatedly seen evidence of worry in young girl patients who fear that lack of sex breeds neuroses.

Young people today are influenced toward immorality by the sexual climate we have created.

"Virile men and voluptious women leer at us from advertisements," says psychiatrist Richard E. Gordon. "Passionate love scenes smolder on our TV and movie screens.

"The entertainment world has gone so far as to create a whole new fictitious society with its own whole new moral code."

Dr. Liston Pope, Dean of Yale Divinity School, commenting on the low state of American morality today, declared, "A lot depends on the 'images' that people are taught to revere."

And who are those images?

Movie stars, first of all—our dream heroes and heroines.

"Three-quarters of the Hollywood acting population," says a noted psychiatrist, "is either insane, just getting over being insane or about to go insane.

"Psychiatric episodes are daily events on movie sets.

"Suicide attempts are so common they cease to be news.

"And the goings-on behind the walls of some Hollywood homes are like scenes that may be observed in the violent wards of institutions."

IT IS a tragic commentary on our morality today that we not only expect, but even *insist,* that many glamorous stars of the screen must live immoral lives.

And what is the education youngsters get at the movies?

Films based on Tennessee Williams' plays provide lessons in homosexuality, incest, rape, and seduction.

"Never On Sunday" made a heroine out of a prostitute.

"Butterfield 8" glamorized a call girl.

"The Apartment" made adultery an amusing pastime.

Sexy movies at the driveins include not only these, but also frankly obscene films featuring nudes and voyeurism.

On every hand our young people are being subjected to a barrage of sexually arousing fads and visual matter.

Young male singers are permitted to work up girl audiences into sexual hysteria by wriggling their pelvises.

Ironically, we seem to have exchanged our moral standards with the nation we once accused of being highly immoral.

In October, 1961 the Communist Party Congress in the Soviet Union declared, "The Party holds that the moral code of the builders of socialism should comprise:

"Mutual respect in the family and concern for the upbringing of children . . . honesty and truthfulness, moral purity, modesty and unpretentiousness in social and private life."

Surprisingly, American observers visiting the Soviet report that the Reds really live up to this strict code.

We, on the other hand, have not only let our sex morals slip badly, but public morality has been tarnished.

The press never runs short of fresh scandals about embezzling bank presidents, corporation price-fixers, disc jockeys who take payola, basketball players who throw games for bribes, government officials who swap contracts for "gifts."

We have much greater freedom in America today than ever before in the history of our nation. But much of that freedom has been corrupted into license.

If we want freedom, we must ask, "Freedom for what?"

Dr. Rose N. Franzblau, noted New York psychologist, sounds a warning alarm with her notable answer:

"It cannot, we know, be freedom to violate, at will, all the codes society has evolved over the millenniums.

"We have had to learn that in seeking sexual freedom, as in seeking other freedoms, we can easily lose our way unless we pave the road with the enduring bedrock of self-discipline." ■

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son of them. Eddie hoped they'd get their money's worth.

He sat on the bench, a blanket wrapped around him. It was a balmy Indian Summer day, but he was shivering a little. He needed a drink bad.

Red Ruhl said sherwdly, "You been trying, Kane. I'll give you that. But you were real lousy. I know you got something left, but whether we got time to find it—"

Kane shrugged, a little hopelessly. It had been a bitter blow, that last year, knowing that every team in the big time had nixed him; didn't think he had another season in him.

When the Mastodons finally claimed him on waivers it had been, to all purposes, too late. A man's body can only take so much abuse.

THEY were playing the Cats. A rugged club, too slow for the big brackets but they could kick the hell out of you defensively. They had old Butch Hayden, still a very smart scatback, and Mike Selby to carry the mail, but the rest of them were just lumpy stonewalls to take apart.

Midway through the first quarter they shook Mike Selby through into the secondary and the fleet All American from Duke went down the sideline like a toe dancer, giving the hipper dipper to Sammy Fry, feinting Bad Man Santo out of position.

The kid went all the way and Butch Haydon, who never missed, kicked the point after touchdown. A big seven lit up on the scoreboard. The Mastodons were behind, for the first time all season and the fans didn't like it a bit.

The defensive unit came in to the bench and Red Ruhl said, "Get in there, Kane. We'll see what you got."

It was a funny thing, he was thinking. One day you had everything. The credit cards and the bottled-in-bond firewater and the broads and the headlines.

And then, so imperceptibly that you didn't even notice, you didn't make the All League team one year and the next season you seemed as good as ever but the kids just weren't fooled any more by your breakaway stuff, and the horses at Belmont and the Big A couldn't win for losing and your wife died.

The whistle blew and a pigskin arched high against the sky.

The kick was going deep, almost into coffin corner. It was, he saw grimly, strictly his ball. He took it on the five, saw his interference mass and went for the tunnel straight up the middle.

He took perhaps ten steps, started to reverse and a ton of paving blocks fell on him, grinding him into the sod.

Big Pedro (the Monk) LaFarge got up off him, grinding a massive elbow jovially into his neck.

"Nice run, beer belly."

Swearing feebly, Eddie got up.

He went into the huddle and Pops Fennell barked, "Seventy-six. Take it over, Kane."

It was a jump pass play straight down the alley.

Eddie counted three, felt the ball slam into his middle and faded back, waiting for Santo to break through tackle. The big man catfooted into the clear and Eddie went up there, arm cocked for the throw. And—

It was a bad pass, born of too-taut nerves and hurried timing. It hit Santo on the back of his helmet before he could turn. It fell incomplete. Two Cats just missed the interception.

They went back to the huddle, and Pops said, "They won't look for it again. So we go for all the marbles. Try to hit me, Kane. And for Pete's sake, get the lead out."

It was a typical Mastodon gambling play, a long touchdown try from deep back on his own eighteen. Little Pops had the moxie of a riverboat gambler.

Kane faded back grimly, watching that huge Mastodon forward wall knock down defenders all over the place. He had all the time, all the protection in the world. He waited, backpeddling, until Pops broke into the clear, outfaking the lone Cat defender. And then, with something like a strangled prayer, he threw with the last of his strength.

It was like slow motion. Pops was all alone in the clear, a walking ticket to touchdown country. All he needed was a football. A football that was spiraling crazily askew, too little and too wild and too late.

A SUB came running in and the referee said, "Rand in for Kane. Make it snappy."

Eddie trotted numbly off the field.

As he sat down, Red Ruhl said, "You're gonna work, Kane. You're gonna get in shape if it kills me, too. We'll, figure out in the next week whether you stay or blow."

There was no anger in his voice, but the impersonal scorn was somehow even harder to take.

The Mastodons went to work like the cold, efficient meat grinders they were. Pops sent Speed Flynn down the funnel for a first down. The kid just ran right by the slow Cat secondary, with Big Daddy Bascom taking three men out of the play in one horrendous block.

They were just past the midfield stripe. Ad Roberts, the Cat safety man, was way in, trying desperately to back up that porous line.

Pops took the ball, faked to Sammy Fry, faded and threw down the middle. Big Hub Nelson taloned for it, batted it into the air and finally grabbed it for keeps. He went all the way.

"A lousy pass," Eddie said dully.

Red Ruhl said, "That's why I got you, buster. But you didn't get the message."

There wasn't any answer to that. What can you say, when your big moment comes up and you don't have it any more?

THEY took the Cats easily, forty to seven. They rolled over the Redskins, and the next week they had the Browns coming up.

They had a final scrimmage on Wednesday and before they went on the field Red Ruhl said, "Eddie, I'm putting you in to run the seconds. Show it to me today. You won't get another chance."

The scrubs were really something. They had old Fink Larriby, fat as a grampus but full of the ghost of greatness. They had young Flannels Ryan, the jittery first-year kid and Si Cohen, the Bronx mauler for a backfield.

The scrubs were gathered around Eddie, the has-beens and the misfits.

Eddie felt good. Red Ruhl was watching him, a little scowl on his puss and Eddie said:

"You didn't maybe know this, Ruhl. I was the guy that got you sent down from the big time."

The Mastodon coach said, "I knew it, all right. What about it?"

Eddie said, "This Ruhl kid came up to the big time with the Broncos. He was supposed to be a good pass snatcher. I was running the backfield. I took the guy out there and—"

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Eddie shrugged.

"You didn't have it! So—I got them to sell you down the river."

He took a deep breath. "I've been tough on a lot of people," he said simply. "Including a loud-mouthed jerk named Eddie Kane. Maybe the worst of all on him, because he was good enough to know better. That's the way I play. Anybody who doesn't like it can kiss my foot."

They went out on the field. Eddie took a deep breath and a funny thing happened. The dizzy feeling was gone and there was a lot of iron in his legs. The ball felt good in his mitt and he was ready. It was the first time in two years, and nobody would be in the stands to see it.

They took the ball on the thirty—with a routine scrimmage. They wouldn't fool around with a kickoff. The fresh rookie, Flannels Ryan, was looking at him, a little scared, and Eddie said, "Now you just go down that sideline, son. I'll do the rest."

He faded back out of the T, ducking under Big Daddy's lunge, almost careening to the turf. He recovered his balance, saw that Pizza Pastale was coming in fast, sidestepped Pastale's charge and Flannels was down there. He suckered Deacon Rand out of the play.

The ball went up and way down, straight as an arrow. It hit Flannels right on his bony brisket. Yelping happily, the kid stepped down the last twenty yards, all alone. He touched the ball down and the scrubs ran back, chattering like street urchins.

Ruhl gave them the ball again and this time Eddie fired three jump passes to Sid Cohen and the last one went for a first down.

The regulars were looking at him strangely. Little Pops Fennell, a firce competitor, got the Mastodons in a time-out huddle. Eddie knew, without trying to reason it out, that he was due to be clobbered. He went back into pass position again, faking to Manny Rose and half the world broke through and sat on his chest, yelping.

There was a yell downfield and he sat up, glaring at Deacon Rand.

"Next time see who has the ball," he said, showing his empty hands.

The aged Manny was running valiently downfield, his pudgy legs churning yardage. So perfect had been that feint, not a man on the field had caught it in time.

They came back into the huddle. They were yelling like crazy.

Red Ruhl gave the ball to the first team.

Pops Fennell took the ball on a naked reverse and went around left end, with that fearsome gray forward wall knocking scrubs down.

What Eddie did there, didn't make sense. It was born of the new quick joy that he, who had been a bum, was great again. Today he was the best, and the hell with tomorrow. He sifted over, feinting so casually that Big Daddy's drive slowed down a little—not much, but enough. And then, brushing past the giant's straightarm, he exploded into Pops with the hardest block he'd ever thrown in his life. He felt the sharp impact and then, for a spell, he didn't feel anything.

The Mastodons weren't even looking at him. He could have been dead. They were clustered around Pops Fennell. The scatback was writhing on the turf. A white sliver was coming through the skin where his right leg should be. Mig Manter was crying.

He said, "Don't worry, Pops. I'll break that dirty bastard's—"

Big Daddy Bascom's tree trunk of an arm caught Mig in midair.

"Leave him alone. That little son just made the best play anybody ever pulled on me. Nobody's gonna hurt him while I'm around."

They were looking at Eddie, half in hatred, partly in awe. He said huskily, "I rather it had been mine."

What can you say, when you've single-handed cost a team a pennant?

Red Ruhl said, "You'll be taking Pop's place against the Packers."

HE WENT out there the next Saturday. The Packers whooped when he trotted down the runway.

Jo Jo Haney, the speed kid, yelled, "Come around my corner, little brain. I'll stomp all over you, yuh—"

Eddie grinned bleakly. Two years ago he had busted Jo Jo in the kisser.

The Packers just weren't human. When they passed around muscles, they gave these lads extra sets for spares. They had Turk Dooley, All-Pro tackle, the only living man who could up-end Big Daddy Bascom, and often did. They had Big Swede Peterson and Slick Ronny Styles and Polly Kinkaid, the Neanderthal thing with swivel hips. Hornung was gone, but

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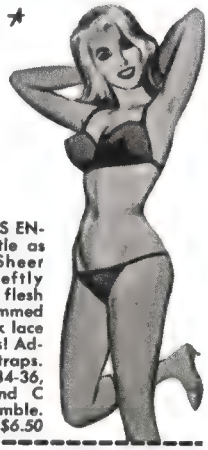

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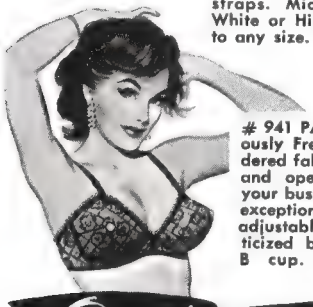

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they were still all greatness.

Eddie looked at them run through the workout. In spite of himself he felt a chill that was part panic. Their shoulders were five feet wide under the pads and their forward wall averaged 240 pounds a man on a puny day. They couldn't be stopped and they wouldn't be moved. These were the guys he was supposed to find a way to beat.

Eddie ran the team through signal drill. He was thinking, this is a hell of a way to come back.

It had been a funny week. Red Ruhl hadn't tried to hide his feelings.

"You stink in my book," Red had said flatly. "I like to have busted a gut when the front office signed you. You know this game, Kane. I'll hand you that. But—"

He didn't need to spell it out. Eddie knew, too well. He, Eddie Kane, had been arrogant and cruel in the flush of his greatness. He had hurt a lot of people, ruined a few, out of his sure, uncompromising power. Some had never come back. A few, like Red Ruhl, had become even greater because of it. One thing was dead sure. He could expect no mercy from them.

They came in for final instructions.

Ruhl bit into his cigar. He said, "It's your team, Kane."

They looked at him, hating, yet fearing him. Eddie could see the pregame jitters whip away from them, and liked what he saw. They won the toss and elected to receive.

The kick came down.

It was a bad one, twisting evilly toward the sideline, away from the strong center wall. The wind made it spiral at a bad angle.

Speed grabbed for it, fumbled, booted it around and finally grabbed it, losing precious seconds.

Swearing, Eddie slanted over there, watching that awesome forward wall break through, toppling Mastodons like tenpins. Big Swede was in the van, as usual, his huge legs churning divots behind him.

It seemed like sudden death but Eddie did it anyhow. Leaving his feet at the last split second he dove, targetting for the giant's vulnerable middle.

There was that satisfying *thop* of impact, jarring a knife deep into his back and scrambling his brains. A ton of sweating meat fell on him. He could hear the Swede curse as a sudden yelping frenzy exploded out of the stands.

Eddie got up, a little groggily, but swaggering.

The Swede said, "You are as obnoxious as ever, my friend. Do that again and you'll be coffin meat."

Eddie spat, over his shoulder. He could see that Flynn had gone down past the thirty.

He trotted down to the huddle. He had a secret. Only one other man knew it.

The Mastodons were looking at him with some awe.

He barked, "Lemme see some blocking in there. Do I have to do it all alone? If you're afraid, just tell me and I'll do it for you." And out of sheer bravado he called for a power play into that monster line.

They gaped. It was insane. Nobody did that to the Packers.

Big Daddy held, just long enough, and Mig Manter slithered into the secondary for fourteen big ones and a first down.

Eddie barked, "You looked lousy on that one. I seen better charging in Peoria. See if you can run with that thing, Fry. Unless you've chickened too."

Raging, Big Fry put his head down and ran over the surprised Turk Dooley. He went all the way to the eighteen. It took three Packers to pull him down.

He came back, glaring, and Eddie said sweetly, "What do you want, medals? With the blocking I gave you, any little Girl Scout could have gone all the way."

Sonny Fry swallowed hard. There were tears of frustration in his eyes.

"After the game," he said dully. "I'm gonna kill you, buster."

"You couldn't," Eddie said flatly. "You're not man enough. Or smart enough. Let's go, clowns. The joint smells bad enough already."

He bellied the ball, faked once, twice, letting the entire Packer line sift through before he backpedalled. Only then, ducking precariously under Turk's club-like swipe, did he target at Speed, who had broken into the end zone, chased by two Packer backs.

It was a hell of a pass, the kind that had made him famous. It threaded a needle, under Dooley's leap and just over Kinkaid's diving lunge. It hit Flynn on the bellybutton and the kid fell over backward.

FLYNN CAME back grinning, and Eddie barked, "That's what they pay you for, fathead. An' next time give me a better target. Or do I have to do it all alone?"

They went back into kick formation and Eddie, swaggering as though it were merely routine, split the posts for the point after touchdown.

The big seven went up and the defensive unit came on the field.

Red Ruhl said, "Good going, gang." He was looking at Eddie curiously.

Eddie said, "You're wrong again, coach. These kids are not going to do it. The bastards will score in ten plays."

He was wrong. It took them just

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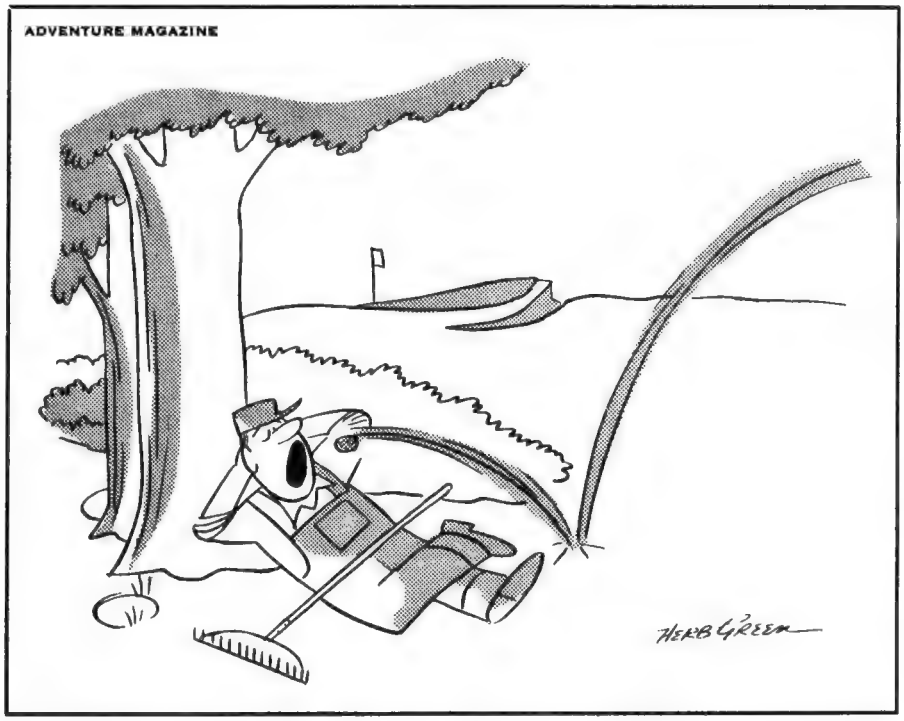

five. It was like a beautiful, cruel ballet, with every piece falling into its deadly appointed place.

Larry French hit the center of the line for twenty yards. The dusky All American ran right over Big Daddy. It took the entire secondary to wrestle him to earth. He did it three more times and the ball was on the Mastodon thirty. Then, with the defense pulled in, cagy old Manny Rose faded back and arched a teasing little pass into the end zone. It went up and up, as though it had eyes. It found Pedro in the end zone, standing all alone.

Eddie took the field again. They had the look of beaten men. That display of arrogant might was a fearsome thing to see.

He sent Rand through tackle and the kid lost a yard. Raging, Eddie called for the same play. This time the kid just did find the line of scrimmage before they hit him. The ball squirted out of his hand and floated up there big as a watermelon, waiting to be grabbed.

Grinning, without once breaking stride, Turk Dooley ghosted through, huge hands taloned, finding the ball. He drifted across for the score. Not a hand had touched him. They kicked the point, almost languidly. It was that easy.

The half ended without further scoring. Twice the Packers had crunched down within the twenty only to lose the ball.

The Mastodons went into the clubhouse—a battered band. Speed had a huge mouse under one eye, which was closing tight. Big Daddy was a grotesque thing with a big fat lip that needed stitches, and the right ear of Speed Flynn sported a wondrous cauliflower.

Eddie opened his mouth and Speed said, "Don't say it. Don't say one word, you bastard."

He was crying. The choked hatred in his eyes was a shocking thing.

Deacon Rand said, "You talk big, Kane. You never hafta carry that thing. It doesn't take much guts to be the brain, buster."

Eddie sat down.

He was shocked, in spite of himself. The raw guts of these kids had been a fine thing. He had wanted to tell them so, but the words wouldn't come. You can't lash a guy to the bone and then butter him up.

Ruhl said, almost with wonder, "You had the mark of greatness out there, until you ran out of gas. If we can hold that running attack, we got a big play."

Big Daddy said, "Big talk, boss. But those are mighty powerful men out there."

Eddie sat down, unnoticed.

He had a jagged knife pressing against him. When he breathed he could feel it, this secret which was part of him.

They went out and it started all over again. The monsters from Green Bay smelled a championship. They'd be throwing everything they had to sew it up.

They received and promtly rolled off four first downs, eating up the time, never once surrendering possession. It was ten minutes into the third quarter before the Mastodons stopped them, on their own twenty, nearly into coffin corner.

The go unit trotted on the field. Speed said, "Give me the Sixty-seven, Kane. I'll hang on to it this time."

It was no go. They exploded out of the T, taking no chances with that Packer line. Three giants bombed through, trampling Big Daddy into the dirt. Wisely, Eddie ate the ball while they bounced him down on the seven.

In the huddle, he croaked huskily, "Fifty-one. Me carrying."

Speed said, "You! You never ran with the ball in your life."

"That's what I mean," Eddie said grimly. He had the horrible feeling that he was going to faint some time soon and this would be a hell of a time for it to happen.

"Block, you sons," he said.

The ball snapped into his belly and he faded back, arm cocked, watching Swede and his tackle step back to intercept. Then, slicing wide, he catfooted down the sideline, still feinting a throw, waiting for his interference to form.

The big gray arc wheeled, closed in formation and Big Daddy took out two men with a block that could be heard all over the field. And then, skidding past Turk's cursing dive, Eddie was alone, ghosting down the white lines.

He could hear thunder close at his heels and he didn't dare turn his head. The five-yard marker hit his foot and he threw himself forward with a strangled prayer. The earth came up to meet him and he squeezed the ball, seeing the line slide under his chin, while the thunder came down.

HE sat up. The Mastodons looked at him as though they had discovered a new toy. When he stood up shaking off helping hands, he could feel his knees start to give. He said gruffly, "Let's get this kick the hell out of the way."

The pass came in, just right, and the charged-up Mastodon line held beautifully, for once. Eddie's feet swung down and out in the well-remembered pattern And—

It was a bad kick, low to the right. It wasn't even close. He had blown it, probably the ball game.

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He turned toward them, his face ravaged with shock.

All he could say was, "I'm sorry, gents. I guess I'm—"

He felt the hands grabbing for him, just before the pain surged up like a scarlet knife, shutting out all conscious thought.

He opened his eyes, swearing. Somebody was trying to put ice on his head and it hurt. In fact, his whole body was one big hurt.

He was, he discovered, on the bench, supported on either side by a couple of burly subs. He had a flock of blankets around him and a huge wad of tape on his belly, which ached dully and without stopping.

Waddy Ward, the trainer, said, "Next time maybe you'll mind what I say. What the hell do you think you are, Superman?"

EDDIE said feebly, "You double-crossed me. Gimme that ten bucks back, you—"

Red Ruhl said, "You're a damned fool, Kane. You know that."

"You've always thought so," Eddie told him. "Don't change now."

A reporter from the *Post* came over and Red said, "You know what that dopey son did? He slipped Waddy ten bucks not to tell about his broken rib —the rib he broke when he broke Pops' leg. The damned thing is practically puncturing his lung every times he moves. The crazy bastard should be dead."

Eddie said weakly, "I killed your team when Pops got hurt. I owed it back to you. And then I hadda—"

He looked at the scoreboard and his eyes got very wide.

He'd been out longer than he'd realized. The fourth quarter was eleven minutes old. The scoreboard—He couldn't believe it!

The scoreboard said, "Mastodons 23, Packers 14. The gray horde had the ball, boring deep into Packer territory.

Red said:

"They owed you something too, hero. They're giving it to you the only way they know."

Eddie shut his eyes. He'd made a lot of bad plays in his time, too many for one man. But this day he'd called his signals right. ■

GENERALISSIMO
Continued from page 39

Lee Christmas casually glanced across the red-brocade parlor to the man on the sofa. The United States Secret Service agent was fighting a mighty yawn.

Lee knew without having to peep through the heavy drapes that the agent's two flunkies were still on the street corner, waiting to pounce when their boss gave the signal.

Lee Winfield Christmas was in the prime of a life he had lived to the fullest. Tall, broad-shouldered, with arched sandy eyebrows and a V of a russet mustache, he looked like a red-headed Lucifer surverying his earthly domain. For this he could have picked no likelier spot than the elegant establishment of the Countess Willie V. Piazza, with its flock of lovely young farm girls, buck-naked under their short silk chippies.

Smiling, he shook his head at his buxom companion's whispered suggestion. He liked his women, did Lee, but tonight everything was business—deadly serious business at that.

This hard-drinking, wenching semi-illiterate military genius whom the South Americans called *El Diablo* is practically forgotten today. But were he still alive he would be the man to clean up Cuba.

Under strikingly similar conditions he did it in Honduras. Twice.

The poignant lament of a clarinet came wailing up the street from Tom Anderson's Arlington Annex Saloon in Iberville. The district's thirty-eight blocks of regimented vice were calling it a day. A few doors away at the Mahogany Hall, Lulu White's beautiful octoroons were all fast asleep in their outsized beds. But at the Countess Piazza's grind house the mechanical piano continued to hammer out its honky-tonk tunes as the inexhaustible Lee Christmas danced with one babe after another.

The dead soldiers continued to pile up. A third member of Lee's party was snoring in the corner. A fourth was nodding.

IT WAS nearly three A.M. before the man on the sofa gave up his vigil and left. Filibusters or not, these boys had been whooping it up like this every night for weeks. And they had made no attempt to board their boat, the *Hornet,* when the one-

stacker had left New Orleans, two days ago.

Lee watched through a crack in the drapes as the three Government men conferred on the corner, then began the long cold walk to Canal Street and bed.

"Let's go!" Quickly Lee and Bonilla roused the other two members of their party, Guy Molony, a barrel-chested Irish-American machine gun expert, and a Honduranian named Davadi. The four rushed out the back door to an automobile.

Down Rampart they roared.

"Hang on, Don Manuel!" Lee yelled. "This is the first time I ever heard of goin' from a cat house to the White House, but that's where we're headed. Hang on!"

At the mouth of Bayou St. John, by the ruins of Old Spanish Fort, a sleek cabin cruiser was waiting, its robust engines already chugging. The four men jumped abroad.

Trailing a long gray wake in the starless night, the fleet craft boomed out across Lake Pontchartrain, carrying a mixed cargo of rifles and four jubilant revolutionaries.

The cabin cruiser was racing toward the Rigolets, the narrow channel that links Lake Pontchartrain with the sea, for a rendezvous with the *Hornet* and the wildest adventure of the big redhead's fantastic career.

Things had not always looked so rosy. Nineteen years before, Lee, a railroad engineer in New Orleans, had been dead drunk at the throttle when his train had crashed headon with another. He was promptly fired and blacklisted with all United States railroads. In the fall of 1894 he had gone to Honduras as a man goes to hell, because there seemed nowhere else to go. He got another engineer's job, spending all his liesure in the cantinas and bordellos.

Then, one muggy afternoon in 1897 when his silly little banana train came wheezing into Puerto Cortez, a small party of Honduran *revolutionarios* jumped aboard with an interesting proposition: Throw in with them or be shot.

"If I'm gonna get shot anyhow," Lee muttered. "I might's well get some of the bastards that are shootin' at me." He lit a *puro*.

When the Federalists arrived, he led the defense that crushed their counterattack. The revolution fizzled, but reports of the red-headed *gringo's* reckless daring eventually reached the ears of the President of Honduras, Terencio Sierra.

In May, 1902, he brought Lee to the capital city of Tegucigalpa and made him Director of Police.

In the presidential election a second member of the triumvirate, the fiery little patriot, Manuel Bonilla, polled the most votes. Sierra promptly voided the election, then had the legislature petition him to retain power.

One black night in the eleventh hour of the crisis, Manuel Bonilla decamped. So did Lee Christmas and his 185-man police force. The broad-shouldered *Norteamericano* and the little Honduranian had formed a fast friendship. In the gory civil war that followed, the *Manuelista* forces, brilliantly led by Lee Christmas, were victorius. When Bonilla returned in triumph to Tegucigalpa at the head of 12,000 men, Lee rode beside him.

In Latin America then, as today, there are revolutions and counter-

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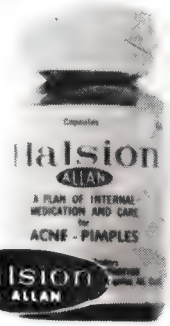

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revolutions. After three years of peace the inevitable happened. Almost overnight Bonilla's enemies and their Nicaraguan allies turned Honduras into a bucket of blood.

Summoned to Maraita Plain west of the capital, Lee found the situation hopeless. It got worse.

And yet, more than any other incident in his career, what was about to take place made the legend of Lee Christmas.

Lee's small force was heavily outnumbered.

He knew what to expect if captured. Slapping the heavy automatic on his thigh, Lee gave a wild laugh. "Since I'm gonna get shot anyway. . ."

At first light he and three others who shared his sentiments mounted horses and proceeded to assault an army. Brandishing their pistols, the four went pounding over Maraita Plain. Machine guns opened up on them, and volley after volley of rifle fire cracked out.

ONE by one the horsemen dropped until only Lee Christmas was left. He came on, firing, carefully counting each shot. Then white-hot pain stabbed his leg and his horse fell dead, pinning him underneath. Lee kept firing at the Nicaraguan soldiers who came charging up until he figured he had one shot left. Then he put the pistol's scorching mouth to his temple and squezzed the trigger. *Click*. Math was never Lee's forte.

"Do me a favor," he told the Nicaraguan lieutenant. "After I'm shot don't bury me."

The officer was astonished. "Don't *bury* you?"

"Yeah. I want the buzzards to eat me an' fly over you an' splatter your goddamn faces with their droppin's."

Exactly what happened next is a question. New Orleans and New York dailies reporting the incident said that the Nicaraguans were so outraged by the insult that they immediately began to argue about the most horrible death they could possibly inflict upon *El Diablo Norteamericano*. (Skin him alive? Tear out his eyes?) Meanwhile a Federal relief column stormed out and rescued their leader.

Lee himself later told friends that this was a bunch of bull, that actually the Nicaraguans had been so impressed with his audacity that they had treated him as one of their own heroes. At any rate, Lee had soon appeared in Guatemala. Manuel Bonilla had escaped to British Honduras. Then in July of 1910 they had shown up in New Orleans with the *Alicia*, a former mosquito boat of the U. S. Navy. Lee had changed her name to the *Hornet* and, under the baleful eye of the U. S. Secret Service, had outfitted her as a collier.

The plan was to meet the *Hornet* at Ship Island off Biloxi, Mississippi. The cabin cruiser reached the rendezvous late in the afternoon of December 23. No *Hornet*. Lee spent the night on deck, puffing his powerful Honduriaan cigars, eyes aching from his search.

Then out at sea Lee spotted lights winking at him. One red, two white. "There she is!"

The others gave a hoarse cheer. Drawing up alongside the *Hornet*, the revolutionists transferred the case of thirty rifles and 300 rounds for each, to the bigger boat, then clambered aboard themselves.

Shortly before midnight on December 29, 1910, the onestacker dropped the hook off Livingston, Guatemala, and thirty hard-core *Manuelistas*, who had been impatiently awaiting their leader for months, climbed aboard. The *revolucionarios* dug up the treasure of heavily-greased rifles and two priceless machine guns cached in the sand earlier and brought them to the boat.

Lee slapped his superior on the back. "Don Manuel, we're in business!"

To conduct their business properly, the revolutionists had to have a base. For this they grabbed Roatan, a small island off the Caribbean coast of Honduras. Then they took the neighboring island of Utila. Each boat brought fresh recruits, so that soon Lee thought his forces strong enough to attack the mainland.

AT first light on January 9th Lee Christmas waded ashore under the steep bluffs of Trujillo at the head of 180 men. No Bay of Pigs, this.

From behind them came the raucous blast of the *Hornet's* whistle.

Lee grinned.

"Don Manuel wants to be sure they know he's here," he told Molony.

Bonilla, forced to remain aboard until the fighting was over, was drawing the enemy fire.

From the 400-foot bluff above them the single Federalist cannon boomed ominously.

The bullets plunked into the sand all about Lee's men. Frantically the Federals wheeled the cannon about and depressed the barrel. Lee looked up at the black Cyclops eye of the Krupp 7.5 and winced.

On the left Molony's two machine guns exploded into action.

"*Adelante!* Forward!" Lee led the charge up the steep slope. No one was on the crest to oppose them.

His entrance into Trujillo was likewise unopposed. Most of the garrison, in fact, immediately donned the blue and white hat bands of Bonilla's Conservative Party.

Lee then captured Iriona to the east in a night attack. Now all he needed was one more city, the port of La Ceiba, to control the vital northern coast of Honduras.

SO FAR the invasion had been a walkaway. La Ceiba, however, was something else again!

Under a driving tropical rain General Christmas marched upon the port with 500 men. On January 24th he drew up on the east bank of the Cangrejal River near Ceiba to meet with the U. S. Consul and a body of American and British officials. The well-starched group looked with distaste at the red-headed fllibuster in his muddy, sweat-stained corduroys. Monchalantly Lee bit off the end of a *puro,* spat it out at the officials' feet and lit up.

"We've drawn up a convention with the general of the garrison at La Ceiba," the U. S. Consul began.

"That's cozy," Lee said, blowing out the acrid smoke.

International politics were not his game, but he knew that the Dictator of Honduras, General Miguel R. Davida, was desperately trying to conclude a Dollar-Diplomacy pact with the U.S. in order to stay in power. Feeling against the treaty was strong in the United States as well as in Latin American. But, then as now, certain circles in Washington figured Uncle Sam could solve any problem by flashing a wad of bills.

"We have established a neutral zone where American and British subjects along with other noncombatants will retire before the battle," the Consul went on. "If neither side fires into this zone, we and the British won't intervene. If, however, there is any shooting into the zone we will blow a whistle—"

"What is this?" Lee demanded with disgust. "A war or a goddamn football game?"

The Consul ignored him.

"Then, if both of you don't stop firing at once," he concluded grimly, "the American and British warships will be forced to bombard both sides."

It was no idle threat. Casually Lee glanced across La Ceiba harbor to where the gunboat USS *Marietta* and the cruisers UUS *Tacoma* and HMS *Brilliant* lay at anchor.

During the long night, as the civilians of La Ceiba trooped into the neutral zone, Lee planned his attack. Protected on its eastern flank by an impenetrable jungle, the city could be reached by just two routes: one a back road, where the Federals expected the assault to be made; the other along the beach. This route, was considered suicidal.

Lee assigned the attack on the back road to his second-in-command, General Andreas Leiva, giving him a

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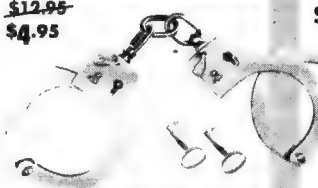

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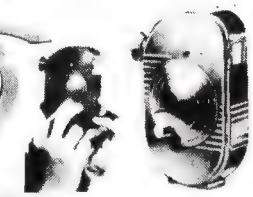

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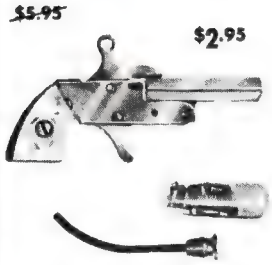

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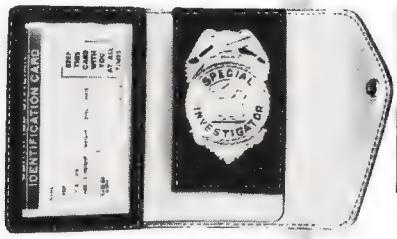

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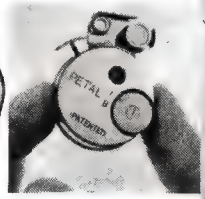

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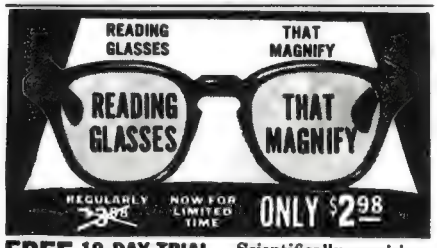

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cannon, two machine guns and more than 300 men. With the remaining troops, supported by a Hotchkiss and two machine guns, Lee planned to hit the beach. Both his forces could expect to be opposed by great odds.

ON THE foggy dawn of January 25th, he and his group slogged across the shallow river mouth to the western bank. Then from deep in the hinterland came the hot-grease sputter of rifle fire.

Lee grinned at Molony.

"Leiva's engaged" he whispered.

Crouching low, they started down the beach through the wisps of fog in the dead early-morning light. From a swamp ahead came a storm of rifle and machine-gun fire.

"*Fuego*!" Leveling his automatic, Lee emptied the magazine at an enemy he couldn't see.

Quickly Molony set up his machine gun and tore off a series of short stuttering bursts. In the humming silence that followed the air was thick with burnt cordite.

"Why don't Leiva use the Krupp?" Lee asked, crouching in the sand to reload. "Where's his machine guns? What the hell's wrong?"

What the hell was wrong was that Leiva and his men were making a frontal attack across the waist-deep river against strong enemy positions, and getting butchered.

On the beach things were no better. The sand was littered with still and jerking bodies. Like a swarm of hornets, bullets came moaning out of the swamp. Slugs clipped through Lee's clothes, searing his flesh. Now and then came the vicious spat of dum-dum bullets.

"Keep down and keep firing!" Lee yelled, wiping sand from his eyes.

There didn't seem to be many of his men left to obey. Molony inserted another belt in the Browning, squeezed off half of it—and that was all.

"What's wrong?" Lee demanded.

"Gun's jammed."

"Well, for Christ's sake, unjam it!"

"That was more or less what I had in mind, General," Molony said, yanking at the hot breechblock. "But I'm almost out of ammo anyway."

"If those bastards counterattack now, we're finished," Lee muttered, checking his clips. He too was almost dry.

"*Madre mia*!" Beside him an Indian clutched his chest and pitched forward, his entire back opened up. In the enemy's undiminished fusillade there now seemed to be more dum-dums than anything else.

"Hold your fire!" Lee yelled.

The men had to just lie there and take it. The sun was well up by now and hot on their backs. Cutting through the roar of the Federal discharge came the plaintive cries of the wounded, begging for water.

On the beach behind him, Lee saw the first buzzards flopping down to breakfast.

"We're being cut to pieces here, Guy," he said. "We've got to take that trench before we're all buzzard food."

"Yessir." Molony was concentrating on the machine gun.

Then, as though he merely wanted to cool off, a rabid young *revolucionario* jumped up and raced into the surf, bullets throwing up spouts all around him. He went out far enough to see around the swamp, then zigzagged back to the beach.

"General!" he gasped. "The trench is just a little beyond the swamp. We can wade around their wire and charge them!"

"Sure we can," Lee said, "and get slaughtered in the water. If we only had some supportin' fire. . ." Then his eye fell on the cannon, lying forgotten amid the corpses in the sand. "Guy, give them a taste of that Hotchkiss!"

TAKING the few remaining men Molony set up the cannon and fired a rapid salvo in the direction of the invisible trench.

"*Adelante*!" Waving his pistol, Lee plunged into the sea, the main body—such as it was—floundering along at his back.

"Viva Bonilla!"

"Viva Chressmas!"

They made it out to the end of the barbed wire. Then, bobbing up and down in the waves as if this were nothing in the world but a skylark, they worked their way around the wire. The Federal strong point on the beach was strangely silent. Zigzagging through the surf, Lee and his men rushed the long, low trench.

Automatic extended, Lee jumped upon the parapet: "Well, for Christ's sake!"

The trench was empty. By one of those chance events that always seem to happen in combat, a shell from the Hotchkiss had exploded on the para-

pet. Terrified at what they thought was the accuracy of the *revolusionario* fire, the Federals had bugged out. vamoosed. It was almost disappointing. Almost.

BUT the Government troops were coming back. Led by by an officer astride a mule and brandishing a machete, they came charging across the open.

"Fuego!" A ragged volley sputtered.

The officer slumped forward on his mount, riddled. Leaderless, the Federals broke for the second time. Taking advantage of their confusion, Lee's tiny force stormed the Ceiba arsenel, where they found belt after belt of machine gun ammunition.

Then, toting a .30-caliber Browning on his hip, Molony worked his way from tomb to tomb through the city graveyard, driving the Government forces steadily back until they all had flopped down in a trench before the neutral zone.

And so, under the broiling noonday sun, General Christmas, blearyeyed from sand and salt water, his gray corduroy uniform in bloody tatters, held another conference with the impeccabbly-dressed officers of the United States and British navies—the referees of this weird battle.

"You can see we've got the yellowbellies whipped," Lee said. "How about the boys talkin' them into surrenderin'?" He spread his hands in a magnanimous gesture. "What's the use of any more bloodshed?"

What use indeed? Out of Lee's original 500, more than half were either dead or badly wounded. Losses on the other side had been heavy too, but the Federals were still much the stronger of the two forces.

Lee put up such a magnificent bluff, however, that the American and British naval officers did just as he suggested. The bellies of the Government troops, yellow or not, were full of fighting, and they laid down their arms. The Battle of La Ceiba was over. So, except for a skirmish or two, was the revolution. Likewise the Dollar Diplomacy pact.

General Davila resigned and a free election was held. Little Manuel Bonilla polled all but 4,000 of the 86,000 ballots cast. One of his first acts following his inauguration in February, 1912, was to make Lee Christmas head of the army. To be commander-in-chief was a wondrous thing, to be sure, and Lee played the role for all it was worth. Uniforms from Paris, lavish entertainments, a fourth wife—a girl of sixteen (Lee at the time was fifty-two).

But fourteen months later Bonilla died. His successor gradually eased the flamboyant Army Chief out. Lee still had any number of grandiose plans up his sleeve, but none of them seemed to work. In 1924, shortly before his sixty-first birthday, he died penniless in New Orleans, from a variety of tropical diseases.

He had, however, experienced one final spark of glory. When he offered his services to the US Army during World War I, President Woodrow Wilson himself received the General at the White House. But the War Department, with singular shortsightedness, turned the old campaigner down.

Otherwise, who knows what Lee might have accomplished in the battlefields and boudoirs of France? ■

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CALL GIRL *Continued from page 45*

was Lille Curzon, a bright-eyed beauty with dark liquid eyes and pouting, sensuous mouth. Sprawled on the ground a few feet away, were Corporal Aldo Jimerez and petite, ivory-skinned Anita Manzilo. Facing these two couples, were Juan Sabinal and blonde, eighteen-year-old Cira Hermendez, and Ramon Lobos with slim, vivacious Marie Aguila. In deference to the heat, the four men had removed their jackets and placed them, along with their heavy revolvers and squat, ugly Russian sub-machine guns, within easy reach.

THE innocent-looking villa was a prison and torture chamber for the Castro regime's most hated and feared enemy, Antonio Perez.

The four ordinary-looking men were plainclothes agents of Castro's dreaded secret police. Their companions were four of the most beautiful and expensive call girls in Havana.

Lille Curzon glanced surreptitiously at her wristwatch and saw that the time was 11:15 P.M. With a petulant, impatient gesture, she abruptly freed herself from the Sergeant's hot embrace.

"Dios!" she exclaimed. "This heat is an abomination. One should go naked to surivive it."

Corporal Jimerez laughed, and loosened the knot of his black tie.

"That is the one sensible suggestion I have heard tonight," he said. He ducked his head through the loop of the tie, then bent over to kiss the ivory-skinned Anita on her full red lips. "It is a night to run naked," he agreed. "What say you, Anita?"

Anita Manzillo wound her slim arms around Aldo's neck and pulled his head down to whisper something in his ear. With a wide, excited grin, he reached for the zipper of her short gabardine skirt.

The baby-faced blonde, Cira Hermandez, laughed and clapped her hands with childish glee.

Sergeant Andres, watching Lille Curzon kick off her high-heeled shoes, rose to his feet and reached for the top button of her thin blouse. She grasped his hand.

"Not in front of the others," she whispered softly. "Let us go where we can be alone." Holding his hand tightly, she led the way across the lawn to a side service entrance in the high wall, barred by a thick wooden door secured by a new Yale lock. In the protection of the dark shadows cast by the wall, she stood before him, her splendid body only scantily concealed. Luis reached for her hungrily. She passionately returned his kisses, while her free hand found her handbag and groped amongst its contents. Her fingers closed around the hilt of the needle-point knife.

She pressed his flushed face against the deep cleft between her breasts. Her arms went around him, her left hand feeling for the spot she sought, just beneath his left shoulder blade, her right hand bringing up the knife. She hesitated, steeling herself for the moment to come, knowing she must do it now—before it was too late. So much depended on the outcome of the next sixty seconds—so many lives hung in the balance. The life of Antonio Perez, imprisoned in the villa, scheduled for execution in the morning. The lives of Juan Ravena and his partisans who, even at this very instant, were waiting outside the wall, and in imminent danger of being discovered by a roving patrol . . .

In her nervousness, Lille let the knife brush against the bare skin of Sergeant Andres' shoulder blade. He stiffened at the touch of the cold steel and raised his head from her bosom.

"Lille, what is . . . "

He never finished the question. Putting all the strength of her right arm into a hard, upward thrust, the girl drove the blade deep into the sergeant's heart. A shudder racked his big body, and he tried to force himself erect. Then, as his heart's blood suddenly gushed hot onto the girl's hand, he slumped forward—dead.

SERGEANT Luis Andres wasn't the first man to die by the hand of this beautiful woman, nor was this the first time that Lille and her girls had worked with Ravena's anti-Castro partisans. Although at the time of this particular action, Lille Curzon had slept with most of the top officials of the Castro government, none yet suspected she was rapidly becoming well known in other circles. For by this summer of 1960, Lille Curzon had already earned a reputation amongst the Castro opposition for be-

ing the originator and uncrowned Queen of Cuba's call-girl guerillas!

Although Lille Curzon considered herself a Cuban, having long ago adopted the language, customs and even the Latin name, she had actually been born, Lilly-Mae Cooney, the daughter of a Seminole Indian woman and a white tenant farmer who worked a hardscrabble piece of land in Dade County, Florida. Naturally endowed with exceptional beauty, high spirits and a lively imagination, it wasn't long before she developed an active distaste for her father's corn patch.

At fifteen, her tall, well-developed body making her look two years older, she became a car hop in a local drive-in, planning to save enough money to finance a move to Miami. Two months after she started slinging hash, a good-looking stranger dropped by for a hamburger, but stuck around to make his pitch for a more delectable morsel. A smart dresser, a smooth talker, and gently persistent, he was soon calling for Lilly-Mae every night in his gleaming convertible.

ALLAN Sitloe, as he called himself, confessed he was madly in love with her and suggested they run off to Miami to get married. In Miami, a sudden telegram demanded his immediate presence in Havana on a matter of business. Before Lilly-Mae could collect her wits, she and Sitloe were on the plane.

On arriving in Havana, Sitloe took rooms at a shabby waterfront hotel, explaining it as a temporary stop until he collected money owed him by business acquaintances. Before dinner that evening, he suggested they have a drink in his room. After the first couple of sips, Lilly-Mae felt a numbness spread through her body. Although fully conscious, she was unable to resist when Sitloe brutally raped her.

Afterwards, he dressed carefully, gathered her torn garments into a neat bundle, and opened the door to their room. Through her tears, she watched in horror as a procession of men, led by a smirking, grossly-fat monster, filed past Sitloe and grouped themselves around her.

Sitloe handed the fat man a loaded hypodermic, and said crisply, "Dope her up good. I want her tamed by morning."

The shattering experience of her night-long ordeal might have turned any other sixteen-year-old girl into a gibbering idiot; but Lilly-Mae was constructed of sterner material. She not only lived through this experience, but hardened herself to a life in the bordello run by Madeline Edwards, the madame who bought her.

Madame Edwards, recognizing a money-making piece when she saw one, was kind to Lilly Mae and taught her the tricks of the trade.

Two years later, having gained the favor of a sugar baron, Lilly-Mae was able to open her own luxurious establishment on the Prado, in one of the city's swankest districts. And so plain Lilly-Mae Cooney became Lille Curzon, the hottest Latin beauty in town.

DURING the Batista regime, Lille Curzon's establishment grew and prospered. By 1958, when Cuba was engulfed by Castro's revolution, she was on her way to becoming a rich

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woman. Shortly after Castro's rise to power, the gambling houses, bordelos and other fleshpots of sin were closed down. The tourists deserted the country and Lille and her sisters-under-the-skin were forced to go elsewhere or seek other means of employment.

Lille respected Castro's promises to "Build a new Cuba." She turned her back on the "girlie" business and opened a dress shop on the Calle de la Reine.

It wasn't long before Lille, along with most people in Cuba, became thoroughly disillusioned with Castro and his Red-tainted government. Business was at a standstill; poverty and hunger stalked the land. While the common people sank deeper into misery day by day, the Dictator's favored stooges raided the treasury and blossomed into millionaires overnight.

Made cynical by Castro's rapid transformation from "liberator" to "jailer," and the thievery of his cohorts, Lille, with the connivance of the Chief of Police, decided to go back into the "business." Since it was still officially forbidden to operate a house of prostitution, she set up a switchboard service to furnish high-class call girls for the entertainment of good party members, occasionally keeping "special" dates herself.

Even Lille, hardened as she was to the seamier side of human nature and made cynical by her profession, found herself regarding her new clientel with sick disgust. There were politicians who boasted openly of stealing millions of pesos from the treasury; agents of the secret police who joked about the concentration camps where scores of Cubans were being tortured and murdered daily. There was a night in the early spring of 1960, when a drunken member of Castro's cabinet, talked loosely of a plot to turn the country into a Soviet satellite.

Up to this point in her life, Lille had believed in leaving politics to the politicians while she pursued her goal of acquiring a fat bank account. Now, quite suddenly, she became aware of the misery and poverty in the land. A change had taken place in the Cuban people; they were no longer carefree and gay; where there had once been laughter was now only smouldering bitterness. There were whispers of revolt. There were rumors of a resistance movement that had been formed to overthrow the new regime.

From the welter of rumors, the name of one such organization and one leader persistently emerged; it was called the Federation to Free Cuba, and its leader was Antonio Perez.

As the weeks went by, Lille's disgust hardened into hatred and her hatred into a growing desire to make some kind of contribution to the movement. She made discreet inquiries of people she suspected were in touch with the Perez group, voicing her willingness to contribute her support.

No one would admit personal knowledge of such a group and weeks went by in complete silence. In spite of the whispered reports of sabotage, arson and midnight bombings, and the frequent appearance of leaflets that spelled out the latest crimes committed by the Castro government, the organization responsible still failed to evince any interest in Lille's attempts to contact them.

THEN, on May 11th, the government-controlled radio broke the news that a force of militia had ambushed a group of bandits and captured their leader, Antonio Perez. According to the government handout, Perez and his gang had masked their crimes of robbery and murder undercover of a patriotic organization called, the Federation to Free Cuba. The bandit chieftain, went on the report, had been imprisoned in the fortress of *El Principe,* where he was to be held for execution.

Just before midnight of that same day, the door to Lille's apartment was suddenly forced open and four men, wearing the field-green uniforms of Castro's secret police, pushed their way into the livingroom with drawn guns. Ignoring her questions and protests, they searched the rooms, then half dragged her down the long flight of steps to the street and forced her in the back of an unmarked van.

After a very fast drive of over three hours, she found herself behind the high walls of a dark courtyard. She was hustled into a brick building, down a dim corridor, and into a brightly-lit room where a scowling, powerfully-built man in the uniform of a colonel was awaiting her.

At a nod from the Colonel, the four men strapped her into a heavy wooden chair and adjusted a strong light to shine directly into her face. Then, working in relays, they began a harsh interrogation of her relations with

revolutionary groups who were plotting against the government. Although bewildered by the suddenness of her arrest, and not a little frightened by what might be in store for her, Lille steadfastedly denied that she was aware that such an organization even existed.

"You lie!" The Colonel himself joined in the questioning now. He shook a sheaf of papers before her eyes. "I have a record of dates on which you attempted contact with the traitorous dogs. Now, if you don't want to join Perez in the torture rooms of *El Principe,* you had better start talking." Snarling, he gave her a hard, back-handed blow across the mouth.

"Talk, you lying bitch!" he shouted. "There's much more where that came from."

Lille tasted the blood from her cut lip and shot a look of hatred at the Colonel. Then, with the feral snarl of a cornered tigress, she leaned forward and spat squarely in his face.

For a moment there was dead silence in the room. Then, to Lille's complete bewilderment, her captors broke into howls of appreciative laughter.

"We've got the right one," gasped the Colonel. *"Dios,* I'd wager she'd do the same thing to Castro himself." He smiled a Lille. "I apologize for the treatment, but we had to be sure."

"My name is Juan Ravena," he said. "And until we can release Antonio Perez from Castro's prison, I am head of the Federation to Free Cuba. Welcome to our ranks."

THE partisans' first order of business was the rescue of Perez from his death cell in *El Principe.* A high stone wall, topped with eight evenly spaced guard towers, surrounded the grim fortress, and there were only two entrances. At the main entrance, massive steel doors gave access to a small courtyard. Twin guard towers, so situated as to cover every corner, kept it under constant surveillance. Here new prisoners were admitted to the reception room and then escorted to the cell blocks through heavily guarded corridors. Nothing less than an armored division could smash through.

The only other way into the prison was through a rear entrance used by the guards and other employees. This entrance, guarded by a single man, gave direct access to a guard room in the main prison building. Here, off-duty guards relaxed while waiting for the change of shifts. A short corridor, leading past the guard room, gave access to death-cell row. It was this weak spot in the prison security system that the partisans, with the aid of Lille Curzon, intended to take advantage of.

Within seventy-two hours after Lille's own induction into the resistance group, she had succeeded in recruiting a round dozen of the most beautiful, expensive and experienced prostitutes in Havana to the cause.

Most of the guards patronized a nearby cantina before going on duty, and it was here that the girls made their acquaintance. Within a few days, they were accompanying the men inside the walls, and helping them fill the bleak, uneventful hours between midnight and six A.M.

At a few minutes after midnight of June 28th, the same dozen girls,

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whom the lone guard on duty was accustomed to admitting nightly, crowded through the door in the rear of the prison. As the bright light in the guardroom revealed the features of the girl in the lead, a grimace of horrified incredulity stamped itself upon the features of the guard.

"Wait!" he cried. "You are not . . . " His voice trailed off in a groan as a second girl brought the butt of a heavy automatic down on his head.

AS the guard fell to the floor, the "girls" discarded their female attire, revealing Juan Ravena and eleven hand-picked partisans. The big handbags they carried quickly disgorged hand grenades and pistols. Disassembled machine guns were plucked from hiding places inside their clothes and prepared for business. Within minutes of their entrance, they were approaching the guardroom in the main part of the prison. Pins were pulled from grenades, and six of the deadly cylinders were tossed among the relaxed guards.

Before the last grenade had accomplished its deadly work, the partisans were through the door that led to execution row, cutting down of the inner guards and the blasting off the steel doors of the death cells.

The Federation raid on *El Principe* resulted in the release of ten political prisoners who had been sentenced to die by the Castro regime. But it failed in its main objective, the rescue of Antonio Perez. Less than twelve hours before, Perez had been removed for safe keeping to a secret prison somewhere in the residential section of Havana. The network of listening posts maintained by the Federation went into action. In forty-eight hours, the search had uncovered the villa on Embassy Row. Again the job of preparing a way for an assault was given to Lille Curzon. And by the following July 12th, she and three hand-picked companions had made contact with the detail of secret agents assigned to the villa.

After making sure that Sergeant Andres was dead, Lille searched his pants pockets for the key to the service door, and a moment later, opened it to admit Juan Ravena and his heavily-armed partisans. They immediately spilt into two groups, the smaller of the two walking silently across the shadowed grounds towards the remaining guards beneath the spreading branches of the big tree; the larger of the two groups quickly surrounding the villa preparing to blast a way into Perez's cell.

Ten minutes later, an explosive charge blew a big hole in the rear wall of the villa. Caught completely by surprise, the guards inside died like dazed rabbits under the lethal blast of the partisans' gunfire.

Before the occupants of the neighboring villas had time to raise the alarm, Perez had been freed from his cell and the partisans had melted away into the darkness.

Since that night, the Castro government has uncovered Lille Curzon's connection with the Federation to Fee Cuba, and has placed a reward on her head. Forced to flee to the mountains of Oriente Province, where she helps carry on the struggle, the one-time call girl has gained the affection of every freedom-fighter in the land. The farm girl from Dade County, U.S.A., has become Cuba's guerilla queen. ■

MAU-MAU!

Continued from page 31

The L.F.A's ambitions are simple. They want more land for their fellow tribesmen, the two million Kikuyu living in Kenya's overcrowded, undernourished Central Province.

Once, only the white settler stood between the Kikuyu and their lust for land. But today the struggle has lost its racial overtones.

The Kikuyu realize their biggest rivals are other Aficans, members of the rural Kalenjin tribe. Foremost among the Kalenjin are the warrior Masai, famous throughout Africa for their exploits on the field of battle.

The Masai are plainsmen, cattle herders who hunt lions with their deadly-accurate throwing spears. They are a proud, arrogant people, magnificently supple from a diet of blood and milk. Above all they despise the Kikuyu, who are essentially forest dwellers and vegetarians.

THE Kikuyu know they wouldn't stand a chance against the Masai in open combat. Those hide-tufted spears can pierce a man's heart from over one hundred feet.

And so the Kikuyu have thrown

their energies into the manufacture of home-made guns. These are crude weapons, hewn from logs, with lengths of iron piping serving for gun barrels. They have no butts. The firing mechanism consists of a rusty door bolt attached to a wire spring. When the sharpened bolt is hauled back and then released it acts as a firing pin. And if the cartridges are of a smaller calibre, then the gunmen merely wrap them up in sheets of silver foil retrieved from empty cigarette packs.

If the gun goes off, it's a fifty-fifty chance whether the man in front of it, or the man behind it, is killed. More often than not the whole contraption just blows to pieces in the gunman's hands.

At one point during the State of Emergency, police ballistics experts were expected to test every such weapon retrieved after forest skirmishes with terrorist gangs.

So wary of these lethal popguns were the ballistics boys, that they rigged up an elaborate pully-controlled firing range, enabling them to test the guns by remote control!

Now that Kenya has independence the L.F.A. intend to take their share of the bounty—by force if necessary. Many of its members spent long years in detention camps, and were released only after the State of Emergency was declared ended.

They are tough men, battle-scarred and embittered. When they returned from detention to their homes, many found their land confiscated and their families missing after British reprisals.

Men such as these have nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by resorting to terrorism. It is, to them, a way of life. But what kind of a life? What drives a man to such lengths—reverting to an animal-like existence, hounded by troops and aircraft, often disowned by members of his own family?

For the most part, these terrorists are semi-literate recalcitrants, unable to hold a steady job and refusing to accept the mores and concepts of Western civilization. They are steeped in the rites and superstitions of primitive societies, tottering crazily between modern man and his atavistic forefathers.

TAKE their forest-oathing ceremonies, for instance. Designed as a sort of entrance examination for the terrorist gangs, the ceremony is conducted in an atmosphere redolent of witchcraft and black magic. The general theme is that of self-degradation. The initiate who undergoes the oathing ceremony virtually sells his soul for membership in the guerilla movement. It is a high price to pay.

First he is led through the preliminary rites. Any personal pride or self-esteem he may have had up until this point soon disappears under the satanic influence of the oath administrator.

The rookie terrorist is forced to step seven times under an archway constructed from banana leaves and wattle saplings, ghoulishly bedecked with the swinging corpses of mutilated cats. Once the initiate has passed through the archway into the forest clearing, a goat's eyeballs are removed, slit open and the fluid forced down his throat. Young women are dragged before the initiates and systematically ravished by everyone present.

Then the central piece of the ceremony is brought in—a weatherbeaten rock with seven holes in its surface. The rock is reputed to possess magical powers of invincibility. The smoothly-rounded holes represent the seven bodily orifices. The initiates gather around it in crescent formation, drink from a mixture of blood, mucus and urine, and stick small twigs into the holes as it is passed from hand to hand.

By now the recruit is a beaten, shattered man, entirely in the hands of the oath administrator. Psychiatric experts are still unable to know the reasons for the oath-takers' complete

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subjugation after this orgy of self-defilement.

The answer probably lies hidden in the untapped reaches of the human mind. At all events, a man who has emerged from the oath ceremony has severed all connections with society as we know it today. He is a psychopathic killer, regarding himself as a sort of "avenging angel."

When the Mau-Mau struck, it was swift, sudden and devastating. They came out of the night—small, well-organized raiding parties intoxicated with bloodlust, their heads swimming with exhiliration from the effects of prolonged marijuana smoking. Indian hemp grows wild in the rain forest of Mount Kenya.

Isolated farmsteads, native villages and lonely police outposts all came under the execution blow of the PANGA. Kikuyu tribesmen loyal to the British were formed into Home Guard units and armed by the Kenya Government. Their job was to protect innocent women and children from the maelstrom that was blowing up throughout the Kenya Highlands.

THE father-figure of the tribe, spade-bearded political veteran Jomo Kenyatta, was at this time generally believed to be the guiding genius behind the terrorist movement. He was arrested, together with six of his colleagues, tried at a special court, and spirited away to exile in the arid wastes of Kenya's northern province. But still the hurricane of hate was unabated.

The British Government decided to meet force with force. Battalions of troops were airlifted to the troubled colony, reinforced by heavy Lincoln bombers. Mass roundups of Kikuyu were carried out.

"Operation Anvil" remains the most famous of all these large-scale arrests. It is remembered by many people as "The Day Nairobi Came to a Halt." In twenty-four hours, tens of thousands of Kikuyu suspects were picked up by troops and removed to Manyani Dentention Camp.

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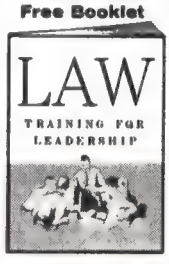

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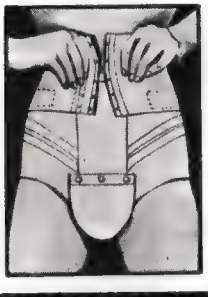

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JACOPO

Continued from page 47

Now Dominique almost tipped over the pirogue, climbing out, and he was bent forward long enough for Jacopo to see how thin his hair was getting on top.

"Why aren't things like they used to be?" said Jacopo. "Jean Lafitte has returned, and New Orleans is still here, and you, and I."

"Being Lafitte the *Bos,* doesn't mean what it used to mean, Jacopo," Dominique told him. "Don't you understand that? This ransom business won't go."

"Signorina Lacourte's father sent you to make the arrangements, no?" Jacopo asked him. "And when the arrangements are settled, you will take them back to him and he will give you the money, no? And with the money we buy a ship, and when they learn Jean Lafitte is back every Baratarian from New Orleans to Gran' Terre will come flocking like a pelican to a dead mackeral. What do you mean, it won't go?"

"I mean the old days are gone. Don't you understand? There are no more Baratarians, as we knew them. Beluche is gone. Hambio is gone. Desfarges is gone. All of it." Dominique jerked a hairy hand out toward the bayou. "I saw Desfarges hanging from the yardarm of the United States cruiser anchored at the foot of Saint Anne Street, Jacopo. Do you want to see the *Bos* there? That's what will happen to him if you don't stop this. Lacourte's a power in New Orleans, and they'll get the *Bos* if he tries to stay here with that girl."

"We aren't staying here," said Jacopo. "We're going to Gran' Terre after I take you back to New Orleans."

Dominique's face paled. "No, Jacopo. Not that girl. If the *Bos* takes her out there—"

"He never laid a hand on a woman," said Jacopo.

"No—" a hint of a smile caught at Domonique's mouth—"not that way. Not the way you treated your woman. He never had to. Not with his touch." Then his mouth grew thin. "You know what I'm talking about. You know the *Bos.* How long has it been since there was a woman?"

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Jacopo hesitated, shrugged. "Since before he had the fever in Sinal. Four-five years."

"Then how do you know—"

"He won't touch her. Maybe he was that way with women, but when he gave his word they never got hurt, did they? He promised Lacourte the girl would be returned safely on payment of the money. He's the *Bos* and he gave his word, that's all."

Dominique shrugged. "I guess that was a mistake, trying to appeal to you through the girl, wasn't it, Jacopo? I guess what happened to this girl wouldn't bother you much, after the way they found your wife on Campeachy. What did she do to make you so mad, Jacopo, that you beat her to death? What did Maria do? Even her hands. All broken up like that."

"Shut up," said Jacopo, and there was bitterness in his eyes. "I don't want to talk about it."

"I should think not," said Dominique, goading him. "How many years ago? Six, now. Six years since they found Maria dead on the Campeachy beach with her hands all broken up. It's a long titme to have something like that inside you—"

"Will you shut up!" screamed Jacopo, and he jumped toward the man with his hands out. Dominique knocked one aside to grab Jacopo by the shirt front, pulling him on in. The old strength hadn't left the gunner, and for a moment, Jacopo stood, rigid, in the grasp, a small, brown, weazened man, his narrow, lined cheeks a strange putty color beneath the faded crimson of the bandana about his head. Always this antipathy had lain between them, each so jealous of whatever favor the other found in Lafitte's eyes.

"YOU'D better let me go, Dominique," Jacopo said finally.

"Why?" Dominique pulled Jacopo up against him. "What will you do if I don't let you go—pull your sword?" A baleful grin spread his lips. "Or are you just going to talk about it, like always? Go ahead. Tell me how you were fencing master in Salle Palusco at Ravenna, Jacopo. Tell me how my lunge will get me killed some day. Is it the same way with every Frenchman? Even the *Bos*? Tell me how the *Bos* has his weight divided evenly on both legs, so he has to shift to free his right leg just before lunging. Does that give him away, Jacopo? Would a man watching for that shift know when the lunge was coming? Tell—"

"Dominique!"

"Yes, Jacopo?" Dominique shoved Jacopo back so hard he almost fell, and elbowed his coat to free the hilt of his sword. "I'll let you go. I want you to show me how it is. Show me how you always fight with more weight on your back leg so you don't have to shift for a lunge. It that the Italian school? Go ahead, *mon ami*. Show me how the *Bos* always has to shift after a double feint before he can lunge. Is that the French school? I'm a Frenchman, Jacopo. Show me."

"Maybe—" Jacopo's words came out hoarse on his breath. "Maybe some day I will, Dominique."

"Messieu!"

Jacopo couldn't count the expression that passed across Dominique's face before he turned around, or recognized it. Perhaps Dominique was remembering all the other times he had heard that voice. Perhaps he was remembering how it had sounded outside the Cabildo that night the *Bos* almost got killed helping the gunner escape the old jail. Or how it sounded holding the most beautiful women in New Orleans spellbound at that ball they threw for the Bos after he and Jackson beat the British in 1815. Or . . .

But what did that matter now? It was Jean Lafitte, stepping out of the oaks. He must have heard them, and

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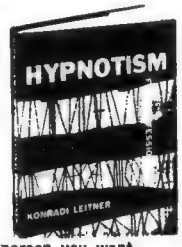

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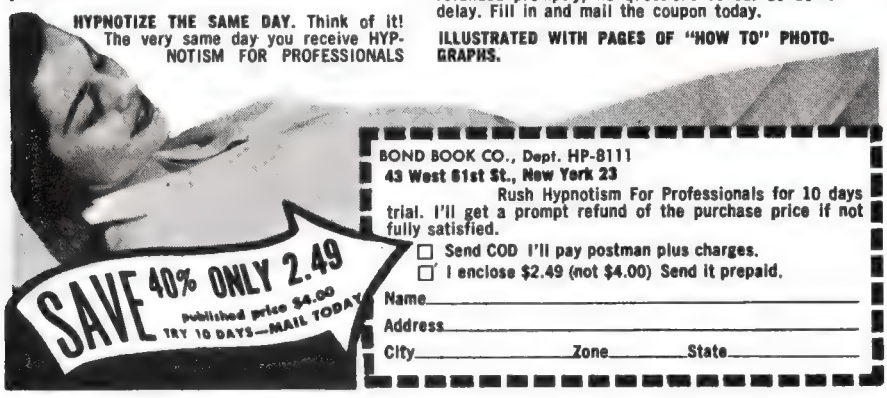

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he walked down the sand with that limp he got boarding the *Concepcion* in '19. Dominique stared blankly at him, mouth open slightly. Maybe it wasn't the tight yellow broadcloth trousers any more, or the swallowtail with the fleur-de-lys on its lepels, that he wore when he commanded a thousand men on Barataria. Did that make so much difference? Maybe the brine on his old frockcoat and forage cap was so thick you couldn't tell the original color, and his hair was showing gray—But what did that matter? He was still the *Bos,* wasn't he?

"Bos!" It sounded as if someone jerked it from the old gunner. Then he ran forward to grab the Bos's hand. "I haven't seen you in so long. We heard you died of malaria at Sinal."

IT was the first time Jacopo had seen the *Bos* smile since Campeachy, and he let Dominique shake his hand, and Jacopo realized that, for that minute, it must be the old days for him.

"A little fever," he grinned. "Jacopo took care of that." Then he was looking at Dominique's fancy gilt-edged cutaway and high white stock and glistening black boots, and his smile slid off as a breaker leaves the beach. He pulled his hand away. "You've done well in New Orleans, Dominique."

The old gunner tried to laugh it off, shrugging. But his gaze dropped to the sand.

Lafitte turned to the Italian. "What was going on down here?"

Jacopo shugged. "It doesn't matter."

"It *does* matter," the *Bos* said, and Jacopo could see the rage fanning up to him. "Don't tell me it doesn't matter, you Italian shrimper."

"Don't call me that, *Bos,*" Jacopo said, because there was probably no worse insult to an old Baratarian.

Lafitte's left eye closed. "Don't tell me what to call you. You, the worst scum Ravenna ever cast out!"

And then Jacopo was down on the sand, tasting the salt of blood in his mouth, and the *Bos* was wiping the hand he had hit Jacopo with on his dirty frockcoat. It had been happening a lot lately. For nothing special, or for anything, like this.

Lafitte turned to Dominique, still shaking with rage.

"Lacourte?" he said stiffly.

"It was acceptable to M'sieu Lacourte for me to act as go-between," said Dominique. "He will meet any reasonable demands you make. Your name hasn't been mentioned."

"Good," said the *Bos.* "Your instructions are simple. Jacopo will take you back to New Orleans. We will give Lacourte two days in which to get the thirty thousand in gold."

Then he called over his shoulder to Jacopo, "Bring the food you got in New Orleans before you leave again with Dominique."

Dominique watched Jacopo as he rose. "How much longer you going to take it, Jacopo?"

"What?"

"You know what. Why do you stay with him?" Dominique nodded at the spot in the sand where the *Bos* had knocked the Italian. "This way all the time, now? What about Sinal?"

Jacopo shrugged, wiping at the blood on his mouth. "We used to have a lot of fever at Ravanna. My mother had a remedy—"

"So you nurse him as if he was a baby. You sit up with him every night and give him your mother's remedy. And if it isn't the fever, it's something else. That used to be your frock coat. Does he get your food when there isn't enough to go around? How many years, Jacopo? Five? All for this." He nodded toward the sand again. "None of the others would have taken it. Why you?"

"It isn't that bad."

"Don't tell me," he said. "He isn't the same *Bos,* Jacopo, I can see. He's getting old, and it's this way all the time, and you're a damn *sot* to stay with him. Can't you see it's over, Jacopo? Through. *Finis!"* He leaned forward a little farther. "Or maybe you do see, Jacopo. Maybe you just don't have the courage to quit. You're afraid of him, Jacopo. You let him swear at you and spit on you and beat you like you were his dog. *Mon Dieu,* no man would take that. Double feint? What do you know about a double feint? What do you know about the way a Frenchman lunges? Why do you wear that cutlass at all? The only thing you know is, 'Yes, *Bos,* no *Bos,* thanks, *Bos.*' "

Jacopo turned his back and walked

to the pirogue. Why, he was thinking, should I expect Dominique to understand? He left the *Bos,* didn't he? *Si.* Then why should I expect him to understand?

HE lifted the basket of food from the prow of the pirogue and passed Dominique without looking at him. He took the basket to the clearing, and the *Bos* was there, and it seemed to Jacopo as if the *Bos* were trying to pull in his stomach, and Jacopo couldn't understand, at first. Lafitte's legs were spread apart, the way he used to stand at poop deck, and the old frockcoat was thrown aside so he could put one hand in the sash.

"You will lay out the lunch before you go, Jacopo," Lafitte said. Then he leaned toward the girl and tried to make his voice softer. How many times had Jacopo seen what his voice could do to a woman? Once, it had been compared to the caress of a courtesan's hand. *"Le petit gouave,* Mam'selle Lacourte. Something a little special. General Humbert used to drink it at Thiot's."

The girl said nothing. She sat on the stump of an oak, the turban of coral-colored silk accentuating the pallor of her face.

"I said General Humbert used to drink it at Thiot's." Lafitte repeated. Still the girl did not speak. Lafitte laughed, and Jacopo tried to remember what someone had once compared his laugh to, and couldn't, because it wasn't the same, either.

Lafitte turned to Jacopo, trying to sound amused. "All night this way. Not a word from her. How do you make a woman talk? Is she—" He paced jerkily away, waving his arm at Jacopo. "Lay out the lunch, then go and get Dominique back to New Orleans."

Jacopo knelt over the basket with the bottle of *petit gouave* in his hand, staring after Lafitte, and for the first time the truth in what Dominique had said struck him. Standing there trying to hide his thickening stomach from her. Beluche is gone. Standing there with his gray hair and trying to be gallant and only frightening her. Gambio is gone. Standing there and asking how you make a woman talk, when Jacopo could remember so many women, talking. Desfarges is gone.

"Perhaps if you don't want the *gouave,* you'll have some chicken gumbo." Lafitte had turned back to the girl, his left eye closed completely, his lips tight around his words. "You do know what chicken gumbo is?"

Jacopo put the bottle of *gouave* down, wondering why he hadn't seen it before. Perhaps being with him that way, you're too close to see the change, he thought. Or maybe you do see it, and blind yourself to it, because of the way you feel.

"I said, you know what chicken gumbo is!" He leaped toward the girl, unable to contain his rage any longer. She held up her hands to ward him off, and he caught them in his hairy fists. "Answer me, you Basin Street *grifa!* Say something before I beat it out of you—"

"Stop!" she cried, and her voice held a choked terror. "You're hurting my hands." Something in that caught at Jacopo, bringing him to his feet. "You're breaking my hands!"

Jacopo stared blankly, the words roaring through his head.

PLEASE!" the girl screamed. With a spasmodic jerk she pulled free, falling backward over the stump.

Lafitte jumped around the stump to get at her.

Jacopo, comprehending fully now, moved between him and the girl. "No, *Bos,*" he said. "Not this one."

Lafitte stopped. His face was blank. "What?"

"You and Maria?" Jacopo's voice was hollow.

Lafitte straightened a little. "You mean you didn't know?"

"It never entered my mind," said Jacopo dully. "You never laid your hands on a woman that way before. I never saw you. Six years is a long time to wait. I didn't think it would be you at the end."

Lafitte was beginning to tremble with rage. "She was just another *grifa.* You had enough of them. What does it matter?"

"Was that your first meeting with her, there on the beach?" said Jacopo. "I'd like to think that. I'd like to think that's the kind she was. That was why she was crying the night before, and wouldn't tell me. Wouldn't she take you, *Bos*? Is that what made you so mad—"

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"Shut up!" Lafitte's voice rose to a shout. "Get out and take Dominique back to New Orleans. Get out before I run you through!"

"No, *Bos*," said Jacopo. "Not this one. Not like Maria. Not on the beach with her hands all broken up."

It took a moment for that to reach Lafitte, perhaps because Jacopo had been with him so long and had never told him no, like that, before.

Then he roared into action.

He was turning his blade for a cut, and only a man in such a rage would open his attack like that. Jacopo had his saber out and parried Lafitte's wild cut to the body and got out from in front of the tree before Lafitte could pin him there.

"Dog!" shouted Lafitte. "Dog!" And rushed again. How many times had Jacopo heard his feet tap like that, advancing on someone else? Then his engagement. A beat in *tierce*. Like a blacksmith hitting his anvil. Retreating before that beat with his sweating face following you, waiting for his lunge. There was nothing so terrifying.

"Viola" That was the *Bos*, and Jacopo wondered how many men who were dead now had heard him yell it before they met his blade. *"Viola!"* And his cut to Jacopo's head made a flash in front of the Italian's eyes.

Jacopo was so sloppy as he tried to parry the cut that by the time he realized the cut was only Lafitte's feint, Lafitte was already in his lunge. There was only one thing left here for a man of Jacopo's age. It was automatic. But even as he took the jump backward, he felt the blow against his ribs. Someone yelled, and he saw Dominique standing between the trees, and he knew how badly he was touched even before he felt the pain.

It doesn't matter, thought Jacopo. It doesn't matter, Dominique. I saw his lunge; that is all that matters. The flexion of his knees to shift the weight off his right leg an instant before. A Frenchman, Dominique.

"En garde, Jacopo."

Lafitte came in again, and Jacopo was so dizzy he took the man's *sforzo* for another beat and Lafitte's blade struck Jacopo's before he could realize how their weapons were engaged. Jacopo's recovery and retreat were weak, and his pants were soaked with blood. This is how it has to be, then, *Bos*. This is when it has to be.

Lafitte saw how dizzy Jacopo was and came in fast. The tap of his feet advancing. The pumping huff of his breath. I don't know a double feint, Dominique? *En garde, Bos.*

HOW many times had Jacopo seen Lafitte answer an invitation in *tierce* with his feint to the head and flank? Jacopo gave him the invitation, parrying the first feint to the head. Lafitte took his cut to Jacopo's flank and was already shifting his knees for the final lunge before he realized what had happened. Having ignored the second feint to his flank, Jacopo was in perfect balance to parry Lafitte's lunge the moment he saw that flexion of the knees. And then, with Lafitte still off balance, Jacopo made his own lunge.

Addio, Bos. One, two three. That was how it came. So simple. Lunge, Parry. Riposte. *Addio, Bos.*

After he went down they all stood looking at him, and there was a pain in Jacopo that did not come from the wound, and he could not understand that. It shouldn't be, now that he knew about Maria.

"Jacopo, if your wound hurts—"

"It isn't the wound," Jacopo said. His voice had a strangled sound. The wetness on his face wasn't blood, but he didn't even try to wipe his eyes. He was not ashamed. Didn't Dominique understand how it was when you'd been with a man like the *Bos* that long? Even knowing about Maria could not change it.

"Take her out," he said, waving his sword at the girl.

Dominique took her arm and moved her through the trees, and in that last moment, turned back, looking at the *Bos*. "But Jacopo—why?"

Jacopo started to say something and then stopped. It was between him and the *Bos*, really, and Dominique didn't understand.

"Because you were right, Dominique," he said finally. "The old days are gone." ■

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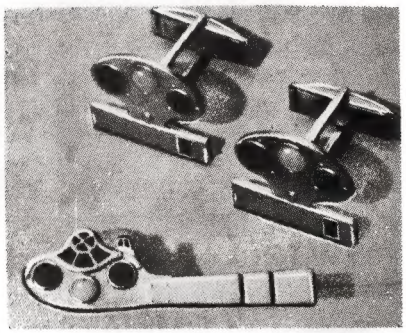

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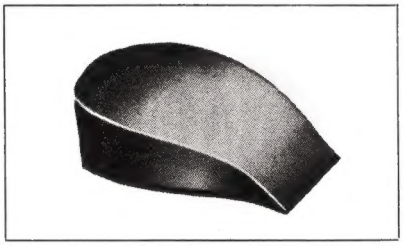

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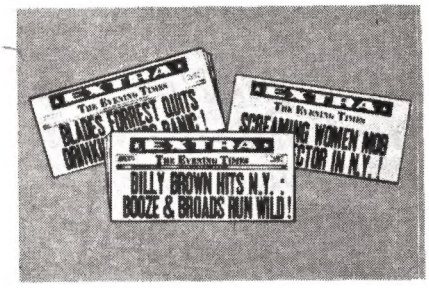

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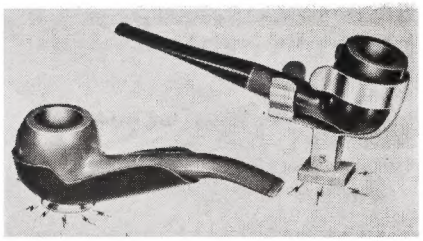

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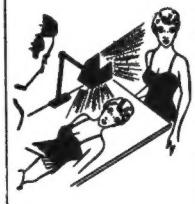

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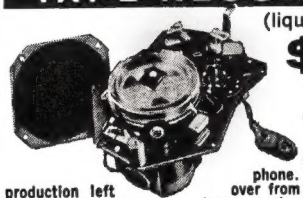

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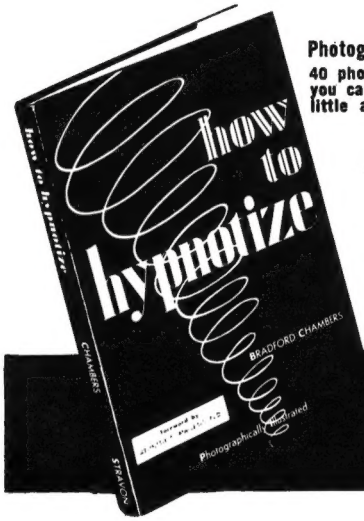

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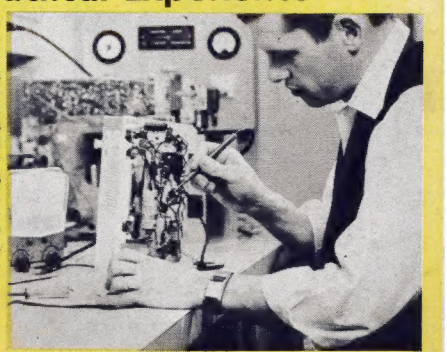

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